This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

VEducU
8260
861.5

Digitized by Google

YEduc11 8260.861.5

Harvard College Library

FROM

Yale University Library

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Yale Coll. Library

CLASS OF 1861,

YALE COLLEGE.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

1864.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Yale university, New Haven, Conn.
Class of 1861.

Triennial Meeting

OF THE

CLASS OF SIXTY-ONE,

YALE COLLEGE,

WITH A

Biographical Record,

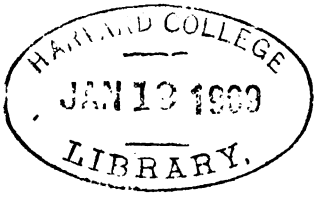
AND

STATISTICS.

NEW HAVEN:
Press of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor.
1864.

Digitized by Google

~~Educ 5755.72.61~~
√ Educ U 8260.861.5



Gift of
Yale University Library

O, HOURS OF YALE!—VANISHED HOURS!
MEMORY, SORROWFULLY SINGING,
MAKES A FAR-OFF SOUND, LIKE RINGING
OF A CHIME OF SILVER BELLS,
WHOSE SOFT MUSIC SINKS AND SWELLS,
BREATHED UPON BY BREATH OF FLOWERS;
FAINTER, SWEETER FRAGRANCE BRINGING
THAN FROM ODOROUS ISLAND-DELLS,
KISSED ALL NIGHT BY SUMMER SHOWERS.

SILL'S VALEDICTORY POEM.

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

My Classmates:—

When at your request I entered upon the duties of Secretary, I had little conception of the amount of time and attention necessary to their proper performance; and yet, laborious as they have more recently been, I have felt encouraged by the thought that no one of you could read these imperfect records of progress and achievement without receiving a richer and deeper inspiration of enthusiastic love for Sixty-One, and a fresh and powerful impulse in the work of life. It is the peculiar and grateful privilege of our relation as Classmates, that each one of us can contribute much to the permanence and higher development of that hearty class-feeling which has hitherto bound us together. Allow me to make a few suggestions which it is hoped each will act upon. Let every one regard it a duty as well as high privilege to be present at all meetings of the Class. Only insurmountable obstacles in the way can afford a good reason for the absence of any of us.

Again, let it be a standing rule with each one to inform the Secretary, without delay, of every change in residence and occupation; any degrees or honors received; ordination to the Ministry; admission to the practice of Law or Medicine; appointment or election to any position; marriage; birth of children, with the names and dates; in short any and all items of personal history which are of interest to your Classmates or which they ought to know. It is very desirable that any announcements or statements in regard to any member of the Class, which may be observed from time to time in the papers of different sections of the country, or in reports and public documents, or may come to your notice in other ways, should be immediately communicated to the Secretary. The careful observance of these suggestions will add much to the interest of any future Report.

Doubtless many errors have crept in unawares. You will confer a favor upon all concerned by sending a prompt correction.

With the hope that the perusal will afford you as much pleasure as I have experienced in the preparation, and that it may unite us all in ever strengthening ties of class-relationship, I submit this work to your kind appreciation, with my best wishes for your individual welfare.

WINTHROP D. SHELDON.

New Haven, Nov. 25, 1864.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CLASS MEETINGS.

A business meeting was held in Professor NEWTON'S recitation room, July 26th, 1861, at which the Class elected WINTHROP D. SHELDON, Class Secretary, and FRANKLIN S. BRADLEY to act in case the former should be unable to serve. A reunion was appointed for the Wednesday preceding Commencement, 1862, of all who could be present at that time. The old songs once more rang out on the breeze, and loud among them all rose a prophetic strain, suggested by an important event of the preceding evening, and afterwards nobly fulfilled.

In accordance with the above vote, twenty-eight assembled at the Lyceum, Wednesday evening, July 30th, 1862. Each member, as he appeared, was greeted with applause, and the climax was reached on the entrance of BRADLEY, father of the Class Boy, when three hearty cheers were given apiece, for the boy, his mother and father. After consuming a bountiful supply of refreshments, the meeting came to order, SHIPLEY in the Chair, and each one present recounted his experiences during the year past, and anticipations for the future, and gave any information of the absent. Thus the evening rapidly and delightfully passed away, and at a seasonable hour we adjourned, looking forward with eager longing to the time when the "wanderers of 61" should once more, in thronging numbers, seek their Yalensian home.

In view of the approaching Triennial, and according to established custom, a business meeting took place July 29th, 1863, at which SIMEON E. BALDWIN, PETER COLLIER, FRANKLIN B. DEXTER and CHARLES P. OTIS were appointed, in con-

Digitized by Google

junction with the Secretary, to make arrangements for that occasion. On the succeeding day, twenty of the Class sat down to Commencement dinner.

TRIENNIAL MEETING.

In April last, the Class Secretary issued a Circular, announcing the time of meeting, and urging all to be present. The large number of favorable replies indicated a goodly attendance, while from camps and armies, and from the Pacific shore and beyond the sea, came many regretful expressions, telling of the now disappointed anticipations of three years, and assuring us that though absent in person, they would still be present in spirit; they would call up in memory the old faces, and sing the old songs, "as though their echoes could possibly cross the continent, and join in with re-united Sixty-One."

As the memorable 27th of July approached, one after another the men of Sixty-One again stood beneath the shadow of old Yale. How like old times it seemed, as they walked "beneath the trees of home." By Tuesday evening, the members of the Class began to flock in in crowds from all quarters. Each new arrival added to the rising enthusiasm, as those already on the ground gathered about, and the hearty grasp of the hand, and the beaming, eager countenance told how strong were the ties which knit our hearts together, all the stronger for the rough experiences of the world. Three years had scarcely produced any change in appearance, except that many had cultivated hirsute appendages, and the recognized torch-bearers of Sixty-One had not paled their fires, but, on the contrary, blazed all around the disk with a still more lurid flame.

At an early hour Wednesday morning, universal attention was attracted by large posters, announcing in big capitals the programme of the day. Accordingly the Class met at 12 M., in the President's Lecture Room, to attend to business preliminary to the grand jubilee of the evening. Fuller was called to

Digitized by Google

the Chair, and presided with his usual ease and dignity. A tax of seven dollars was voted and immediately paid, with commendable unanimity. Strange as it may appear, the late rebel raid had a wholly unlooked-for and much regretted connection with our Class Meeting. If General Lee did not succeed in relieving Petersburg of Grant's beleaguering forces, he at least deprived us of the presence of two of our Classmates, who patriotically volunteered in the emergency, as members of the 7th Delaware. To one of these worthy men, Ralph O. Williams, had been assigned the pleasant duty of presenting the Silver Cup; and in consequence of his enforced absence, it now became necessary, at this late hour, to appoint some one in his place. At the earnest and unanimous solicitation of the Class, Robert L. Chamberlain reluctantly consented to perform the interesting ceremony, and I take this opportunity of recording the thanks of all to him, for his kind and disinterested acceptance. Peter Collier was also elected President of the evening.

At the appointed hour, the College Green was all alive with the gathering throng of Sixty-One, moving with a common impulse toward the Lyceum. The elms caught up anew the time-honored Sixty-One songs, which in days of yore were wont to echo among their bending boughs. Procession was now formed, the President, Orator, Father of the Class Boy, in the advance, with the Committee. All things being ready, at 10 P. M. we marched to the New Haven Hotel, singing that familiar chorus which recalls the scenes of another of our Jubilees:—

> "Then, O! faithful '61, when our College life is done,
> And our hearts to all other objects fail,
> Our memories shall cluster round the friends that here we won,
> As the elms round our Alma Mater, Yale."

The tables, arranged on three sides of a square, and adorned with numerous boquets, presented a very inviting appearance. At the head sat the President, supported on either hand by the Father of our Class Boy, the Orator, Chaplain, and members of the Committee.

Digitized by Google

Forty-eight graduate members sat down at the supper:—E. Andrews, J. B. Andrews, Arnold, C. W. Baldwin, S. E. Baldwin, T. Baldwin, Beecher, Bent, Bradley, Brown, Chalmers, Chamberlain, Childs, J. G. Clark, Collier, Converse, Davenport, Delp, Dexter, Durfee, Eddy, Frost, Fuller, Hanford, Harmar, Hemenway, Higbee, H. N. Johnson, W. M. Johnson, F. Jones, McClintock, McLane, Moore, Morse, Ogden, Otis, Webster Park, Peck, Pelton, Perkins, Schmucker, Sheldon, Shipley, Stanton, Towle, Tucker, White and Wynkoop; and of those who did not graduate with us, there were seven: Barton, Chester, Dimon, Holt, Marsh, Southworth and Treadwell; making the total number present, fifty-five.

The Class rising, the Chaplain, Rev. George A. Pelton, asked the blessing, after which an hour passed in the disposition of rapidly succeeding courses, and the renewed intercourse of Auld Lang Syne.

The tables were now cleared, and while Gaudeamus was being sung, the wives and friends of the Class entered and arranged themselves about the room. The Class then arose and received the first scion of Sixty-One, who walked into the Hall attended by a numerous retinue of relatives and admiring friends, and though somewhat startled by the sudden and enthusiastic introduction to so many of his uncles, preserved a most commendable degree of equanimity, worthy of emulation by all his successors to the honor of the Silver Cup.

The President of the evening, Peter Collier, of Chittenango, N. Y., now addressed the Class in a few words of welcome.

My Dear Classmates,—To your unvarying kindness is it due, that upon me devolves the unexpected duty, no less delightful than honorable, of bidding you an official welcome. For this renewed evidence of partiality and love, I heartily thank you. Welcome, you know you are, for each joy-lit countenance, every heart-spoken word, each earnest hand-grasp, proclaims how sincere, how cordial is your welcome. More in accordance, then, with custom, than from any necessity, do I, in the name of the Class of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-One, bid you a brother's welcome to this, our first Triennial.

I shall not disappoint you with a speech. I will not long stand between you and the "feast of fat things," yet to come; still, with

Digitized by Google

the rich viands, a little of plain food, the bread and biscuit of our literary feast, may not be wholly distasteful or unwholesome.

For three—aye, for seven—long years, have we looked forward to this occasion. You will recall how, on those summer evenings, we used to gather together beneath the elms over yonder, joining in the prophetic refrain of the "Cup" song, each one of us with inward resolve making himself the probable hero of the present occasion; but during the three years of our worldly voyaging, since we cut adrift from our Alma Mater, of a sudden inhospitable grown, that hope so strongly expressed in the song referred to, those inward resolves have died slowly and gradually, yet so emphatically out of our hearts; for we have found, most of us, that this world is not wholly given to "marrying and giving in marriage." Upon some of us care has pressed heavily, upon some sorrow has fallen,—to each one, I trust, has been assigned a man's work to do; so that though we may to-night act as boys, we cannot but feel as men.

Those of us who have remained behind, still lingering about our Alma Mater, have been cheered with the news of repeated successes achieved by those who have preceded us; with you have we mourned the loss of those who, in the words of one* whom we all so miss to-night, who, "weary with their playing, have wended home their footsteps, ere the noon;" and we have all felt that the warm sympathies of an hundred hearts, the cordial God-bless-yous with which we entered upon our various pursuits, have been of no slight avail in smoothing our paths during the past three years of our pilgrimage. To-night we have met to renew our four years' college course. Who of us, since we parted, has not often seen, in daily reverie and nightly dream, "in the mind's gallery, dim phantoms beckon him o'er the old track again"?

Gathered, then, at last, my Classmates, around this festal board, let us not forget those of our number, who, with us, have looked forward to this occasion only to-night to feel the more bitterly how great is their disappointment. Scattered throughout the land, their songs and benedictions to-night, with ours, arise for "Yale and Sixty-One." Quoting the quotation of one who but expressed the common sentiment of all:—"Cœlum non aninum mutant, qui trans mare currunt." In the midst of our festivities, our thoughts will often wander without these walls, as we think of the seats vacant by honorable deaths, or no less honorable service. We shall miss—we have missed—

* E. R. Sill's Class Poem.

Digitized by Google

from our feast the face and voice of many a one who this night, in camp or hospital, longs to join us in our glorious re-union.

And those whom misconception of duty, or pressure of circumstances, only too strong, may have caused to swerve in their integrity:

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

Would they were here, that we might extend to them a brother's hand; to them, wanderers from the way, we might extend a brother's welcome, tainted by no feeling of personal hate, engendered during these three long years of war. For all of our Class, then, present or absent, I can but repeat those lines of the Scottish poet:—

> "When soon or late we reach that coast,
> O'er life's rough ocean driven,
> May we rejoice, no wanderer lost,
> Our Classmates all in Heaven."

Again, my Classmates, thanking you for your kindness, do I bid you welcome.

The following song was now sung, a Welcome to the Class Boy, written by Edward R. Sill; and while the singing was going on, the audience had an opportunity to see the Silver Cup, a chaste and beautiful work, made expressly for this occasion.

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

As flowers return when winter's o'er,
As swallows homeward sail,
As wanderers to their father's door,
So we come back to Yale.
So we come back to Yale, my boys,
So we come back to Yale;
As pilgrims come to seek their home,
So we come back to Yale.

Like maidens round the sweet May-flowers,
First blossoms of the year,
We come to hail this bud of ours,
With kindly welcome here.
With kindly welcome here, my boys,
With kindly welcome here;
In joy to hail this babe of Yale,
With kindly welcome here.

Digitized by Google

Of wine with maddening fire lit up,
O, child, we bring thee none;
We pledge thee in the silver cup
The love of Sixty-One.
The love of Sixty-One, my boys,
The love of Sixty-One;
The mellowest wine of mightiest vine,
The love of Sixty-One.

Thy little hands that scarce can span
The goblet's silver side,
Shall cleave, with sinews of a man,
The world's tumultuous tide.
The world's tumultuous tide, my boys,
The world's tumultuous tide,—
Shall cleave apart, with fearless heart,
The world's tumultuous tide.

Thy tender feet shall tread life's way,
Nor falter, nor shall fail,
Till thou hast found, some summer day,
The pleasant paths of Yale.
The pleasant paths of Yale, my boys,
The pleasant paths of Yale;
And thou shalt tread, as we have trod,
The pleasant paths of Yale.

With closer love thy class shall cling
Than ever class hath done;
For it shall clasp within its ring
The child of Sixty-One.
The child of Sixty-One, my boys,
The child of Sixty-One;
They'll love, in memory of our love,
The child of Sixty-One.

The silver cup no smallest drop
Of bitterness shall hold;
Its shining rim shall ever brim
With blessings manifold.
With blessings manifold, my boys,
With blessings manifold;
Like Hebe's cup, to gods held up,
With blessings manifold.

Its silver chime, each festal time,
Where cup to cup is rung,
Shall softly sing, with echoing ring,
The songs that we have sung.

Digitized by Google

The songs that we have sung, my boys,
The songs that we have sung;
The talks we've had, the hearts we've wed,
The songs that we have sung.

A lingering perfume, as of wine,
It ever shall exhale
The fragrance of our years to thine,—
Our happy years at Yale.
Our happy years at Yale, my boys,
Our happy years at Yale;
Our life's best wine to hallow thine,
Our happy years at Yale.

As the last strains died away, three hearty cheers were given with a will, for the gifted author, whose absence from us could hardly be more regretted by himself than it was by his Classmates.

The President then introduced the crowning ceremony of the evening, as follows :—

Gentlemen,—With what feelings I now proceed to the next regular business of the evening, some of you may know, who can recall a scene in our Freshman Recitation, years ago, when under our Greek Professor I so feelingly fizzled that passage in Homer, where in a paroxysm of grief he exclaims,—*οὐδέ τί μιν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππάζουσιν*, and which I, fully appreciating the depth of its feeling, overwhelmed by such a climax of woe, tearfully rendered,—"and never—at any time—by no means, shall children upon his knees call him papa, at all, at all." Overcome with emotion, then, allow me at once to introduce to you our Class Boy, Henry Le Grand Bradley, for whom I propose three times three rousing cheers.

In response to this call, three times three were given for the Class Boy, who stood upon the table in full view of the assembly. After an explanation of the circumstances to which allusion has already been made, in justice to the speaker, the President called upon Robert L. Chamberlain, who briefly presented the Cup.

Franklin S. Bradley responded as follows, in behalf of the Boy :—

Digitized by Google

My Classmates,—However inadequate to the pleasant duty of accepting your kind gift, which symbolizes the highest festival of the Yalensian year, I feel it incumbent on me, in behalf of the boy, whose expression, though *powerful* enough sometimes, is not always the most felicitous, to return you his thanks, which I am willing to pledge you, will intensify with his years.

Not less sincerely, also, would I return you thanks for myself, doubly fortunate, upon whom Providence having bestowed the fathership of our "Class Boy," you have conferred the highest honor in your hands to give,—a gift of classic and historic renown,—the "Silver Cup."

And again, Classmates, let me thank you in behalf of the boy's mother, who is proud, I know, to-night, that her's is the son introduced by this ceremony to a special relationship in the family of '61.

Nor would I forget you, my old friend, made twice a friend by the happily chosen words with which you have presented this token that confirms our brotherhood. Heartily and thankfully do I receive it at the hands of you all, gentlemen, since it assures me of your gratulations, and is a talisman, beside, which cannot cease to give impulse, hope and *guidance* to the lad, whenever he shall call to mind a member of his father's Class.

And I think I may congratulate myself, also, on having won such a "first prize," *outshining* even a Townsend premium, or De Forest medal, (the latter being usually payable in "*current funds.*") Nor have I narrowly won, for at home in his cradle, sleeps another child of '61, the next oldest boy. (He was designed as "substitute," I suppose, though I would prefer that you would allow him the title of "assistant" cupbearer, in order that the honor, in some sense divided, may incite both to the duties incumbent on them as lineal descendants of our Class and Alma Mater.) And very worthy of the ambition of you all was this prize, when you consider that for another such a class of men as ours, Yale College has to depend upon your sons—these little "chips from the old—*blocks.*" And more loudly still does our country call upon you, for sons worthy of her past not only, but of the mighty history she is weaving now in the great loom of her suffering, the very threads of which are the nerves of brave men; and not a few of those cords have already been snapped forever, that once gave us strength.

But beyond the enjoyment of the hour and the gift, there is a deep significance to this emblem. It is the token of a perpetual health. It is the symbol of his adoption by you and in this ceremony, as

Digitized by Google

sponsors all, you have received and re-christened this little one as the "Class Boy" of our common fatherhood. It is significant, also, of that mysterious bond of perfect and continual friendship which unites us. If I may speak thus without irreverence, it is the very chalice of our communion, emblemizing our College and Classmates' affection, which, penetrating beyond the quadrennial of our companionship, enters the first home circle and adopts its first fruits into that great family of which we are all true brothers, the sons of a common ancestry.

My friends, this festival, in which are exchanged our kindliest feelings, begets a deep and gentle enjoyment. It reminds of the past;

"Awakes the spirit of departed time."

We shall revisit with each other to-night, all the old paths, but to find that our places there know us no more. Like sons come back to an old homestead, not a niche or corner but starts a friendship's tear; but the pleasure that we enjoy is only that gentle pleasure of memory,

"A charm that soothes the mind and saddens too;"

and time in its passing will increase the sweetness of the spell;

"As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;"

just so

"The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace."

And so, to-night, as our memory of the past is vivid, will the present friendly clasping of a Classmate's hand give pleasure.

But I have one fear, and only one, observing how few have entered the arena in which I live and move, that the very power of this class-feeling among you has deterred some from entering the matrimonial relation. But let me assure you, brothers, that my own "class-feeling" is none the less fervent as a husband and father, than as a *bachelor* of arts. Indeed, I believe, (whatever weight of authority my brief experience may possess,) that the "*heart element*," in my own case, has been rather developed. I would therefore cheerfully commend this more domestic of life's relations to you, urging you to be *bachelors* no longer, but *masters* rather of the new *art* of "ruling well your own households;" (and be wary lest it soon become one of the "*lost* arts.")

Digitized by Google

My Classmates, this cup of pure silver, so bright with its inscription, graven with an iron pen in the solid rock,—this cup, the world-wide symbol of the social element in man, will be my constant reminder of you. And not less honored do I deem this youthful cup-bearer than was Ganymede himself, when demanded by the eagle of Jove.

I can add little by way of acknowledgment, more than to pledge that the son of your adoption shall early be taught the significance of the cup, from which he will love to imbibe, as well as to respect and love your memory. And I trust not a sip shall ever be taken from its golden depth, but shall be a health to '61, quaffed with a fidelity not surpassed by a libation of Bacchus to the gods. And among the thousand good wishes I would tender you, my Classmates, to-night, is the wish that when this little one's *silver* cord of life is broken, the cup, classic with its age and history, descending to his children's heirs, may be molten for them into a silver chain of hallowed memories, connecting the present hour with a distant alcove, far down in old Time's temple, where the memorial ivy, with unfading verdure, shall testify to a hundred sons of *their* hundred worthy sires in Yale and Sixty One.

At the conclusion of these remarks, occurred a characteristic scene of enthusiasm. The whole Class sprang to their feet, and with one spontaneous impulse, gave three good, old-fashioned cheers for the Class Boy. The last is hardly concluded, when "three more" burst forth with added heartiness. Then "three for the boy at home," "three for their mother," and "three for their father," ring out in rapid and louder succession, and with one final chorus of enthusiasm the whole is gathered up into "three cheers for all four."

The tumult at length subsided, and we sang as well as we could the following song, written for the occasion, by Francis E. Kernochan.

SONG OF THE SILVER CUP.

AIR—"*Nelly Bly.*"

Once again, gather men,
  Round the shrine we love!
Let the shout, rolling out,
  Shake the roof above!

Digitized by Google

Glorious, uproarious,
  Class of Sixty-One.
Here's good health, joy and wealth,
  To our oldest son!

Here we are! each cigar
  Shining through the smoke;
Clouds of care disappear,
  Routed by a joke.
Smoking, joking
  Class of Sixty-One!
Let the light of joy be bright
  On our oldest son!

Mother, great, throned in state,
  'Mid thy growing towers!
For our sake wilt thou take
  This dear boy of ours?
Blessing, caressing,
  Giving to our son
Mental might, learning's light,
  As to Sixty-One!

As we part, every heart
  Answers to the toast:
"Joy and health, friendship, wealth,
  All that man can boast,
Ever forever,
  Fill life's chalice up
To the brim, for lucky him
  Who takes our silver cup!"

"Three cheers for Frank" were given, mingled with universal and heart-felt regret at his absence, and sympathy for him in view of the event which detained him from us.

At the close of these ceremonies the President bade farewell to the highly appreciative audience as follows :—

Having laid aside every trace of my natural modesty—personal identity even being lost in announcing the will of the Class, whose representative I am, and behind whose decrees entrenched, I must request our friends to leave us for a time to ourselves, and in the name of the Class I would thank them for having favored us with their presence, which has so enhanced the charms of the ceremony we have just witnessed.

Digitized by Google

The dessert was now brought on and received due attention; after which the President called the meeting to order, and announced the first regular toast of the evening,—"ALMA MATER,"—which was responded to by Tracy Peck, of Bristol, Ct. We give the substance of his remarks below.

Once more at our intellectual homestead, surrounded by long separated Classmates, and gaining from their lips the story of the past three years, I find it difficult to withdraw myself from the variety of emotions suggested by the occasion, and limit myself to a prescribed subject. We have come home from our wanderings, and would to-night ignore the surging and warring world, forget the prosaic cares and cruel disenchantments of every-day life, and re-live in these few hours that which was harmonious and ennobling in our college intercourse.

Others, who have remained near our good fostering mother since graduation, or who have a fondness for statistics, should have been called upon in response to this toast. But by residence abroad I have had some opportunity of comparing Yale College with German and French Universities, and can thus bear most willing testimony to its many superiorities. So far as the apparatus for severe intellectual labor is concerned, I could wish that we were the equal of many foreign institutions; but among them I have sought in vain for anything that deserves comparison with the encouragements to manly and well-balanced development of powers, with the healthy and catholic *esprit de corps*, with, in short, the entire student-life of our own college.

Meetings like this, where, after three years of separation, college mates are glad to leave their various pursuits and come back to relate experiences, exchange confidences, and gather real strength for future effort from such communion,—such meetings would seem hardly possible in the foreign institutions to which I have referred.

My Classmates,—I have no statistical report to offer in regard to our Alma Mater, and can only speak in general terms of her continued and increasing properity.

Since we left, Yale has received several munificent donations, which give promise of great improvements in college buildings, the endowment of professorships, and the means of thorough study and research. Heretofore, when the rich endowments, palatial buildings, and ample salaries of similar institutions have been paraded, our Alma Mater has kept aloof from such comparisons, but pointing to her sons, like Cornelia in the Roman story, has exclaimed with triumph and pride, "haec ornamenta mea sunt." But we all rejoice that the College,

Digitized by Google

gaining at last by its own merits the practical good-will of wealthy gentlemen, may soon have an exterior which shall better comport with its inner worth. It sometimes seems almost sacrilegious to disturb the present college buildings, so identified are they with the experiences of many generations of Yale's sons; but let the ugly pile be demolished, if thereby the substantial comforts of the students may be promoted, and, by the substitution of elegant structures, notions of taste and beauty be cultivated. And if these benefactions continue, near its realization seems the idea of a well-provided Yale University, which to some extent may answer the literary and scientific requirements of the country and the age.

We have also occasion for congratulation that Yale keeps up its old numbers, notwithstanding the distracted state of the country. Nor has the Colloge been indifferent to the nation's great struggle. We all know that to-night, from many a camp and hospital, the dear war heroes of '61 are thinking of this meeting with earnest longings to be present, and with hearty benedictions upon us who are here. But we may rejoice and be thankful that while some—and many Yale graduates among them—are saving the country on the field of battle, others in our seats of learning are preparing themselves to appreciate and transmit our priceless political blessings.

There is much that is very beautiful and appropriate in the expression, "Alma Mater," applied to the place of our education. In the relations which we sustained to the College, and in the influence and authority which the College exercised over us, there was much that is analagous to our relations with those who gave us birth. And if Yale has truly been to us a fostering mother, then ought we to filially revere and love her; and this regard should exist not merely as an idle sentiment, but should manifest itself in exertions to benefit and honor the College. And since we are thus sons of a common fostering mother, there is a peculiar fitness in that fraternal feeling which makes reünions like this possible and desirable. We have abundant reason for grateful joy in that we are members of the great Yale fraternity, with all the privileges and responsibilities of that endearing relationship. Let us, then, my dear Classmates, as brothers hold high carnival here to-night, and as such resume our appointed duties to-morrow; always remembering that no act in our individual lives can be too trivial to promote or diminish the good name of '61 and of Alma Mater.

After three cheers for old Yale, the Class sang

Digitized by Google

ALMA MATER.

ALMA MATER! Alma Mater! Heaven's blessings attend thee,
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend thee;
Thy sons, dear old Yale, sing in loud, thrilling chorus,
While we think of thy great men who've been here before us.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Mater forever.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Mater forever.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater, we ne'er shall forget thee;
Embalmed in the shrine of our hearts have we set thee;
Thou haven of rest in life's tempest-torn ocean,
Where calmly we rode in youth's wildest commotion.

Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we'll bring to thy shrine
Our first fruits of fame, let the offering be thine;
You trained our young minds, and you taught us to think,
From thy classic fountains rich draughts did we drink.

Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! ere we visit thee more,
These elms may be falling, all moss-covered o'er;
But we'll tread thy old halls, though with ag'd foot-fall creeping;
Their echoes shall wake joys that only were sleeping.

Hurrah! Hurrah! &c.

The second regular toast,—"THE CLASS OF SIXTY-ONE,"—was greeted with loud applause. James Lanman Harmar, of Philadelphia, Pa., responded as follows:—

My Classmates,—The writer of contemporaneous history attempts a task of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Not only are the prejudices which obscure his vision and bias his judgment continually to be detected and repressed, but the very consciousness that many actors in the deeds which he commemorates, will constitute his critics and judges, must naturally produce in him very grave embarrassment. Such are the feelings with which I essay to speak *of* the "Class of Sixty-One" *to* the "Class of Sixty-One." For the theme not only interests, but forms a part of the life of each one of us. Not a man is there before me who cannot respond to any Class characteristic or exploit in the terms of the classic boast, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" And how can any lame words keep pace with the full tide of thought and emotion, which at the mention of Sixty-One swells within every breast and beams from every eye. For such thoughts and emotions

Digitized by Google

are profaned by the figures of rhetoric;—and language grows feeble to express what the heart feels intensely. Not by the magic of eloquence, but by the simple spell of sympathy and memory, will any words to-night find acceptance and favor.

Three years ago we reached an era in life, the importance of which we have met on this its anniversary to recognize. To our venerable Foster Mother, as she gave us her affectionate benediction, it was but the filling of another page in an illustrious record; but another fulfillment of that design for which all learning and institutions are appointed; that men may be prepared to live, as Bacon expresses it, "to God's glory and the advancement of man's estate." But to *us* it was the opening of a new world, and the entrance upon life's realities. The whole tenor of our lives was changed, and we entered each upon his individual career. The broad high-way along which we had pursued our common course, sustained by mutual support and friendship, ended abruptly in a multitude of distinct and divergent paths, some one of which each man was compelled to choose and follow, self-guided and self-reliant. Previously more or less regardless of the future, we had spent the present time in mirth or dreams or study; but by a sudden transition we passed from the boy's estate and assumed the *toga virilis* with the duties and responsibilities of men. Each has lived his busy, individual life since then, and whenever he has thought of his former home, it has been to mourn that those days of common hopes and common aims and common pleasures were so brief, and to long that he might renew their joys. And as the scattered members of an household gather around the hearth-stone on glad festivals and recall precious memories and repeat the stories of their youth, so we—scattered members of a larger household—have come now under the shadow of our old home, to take each other's hands; to feel their quick pulsations of life and energy; to gaze in each other's faces; to search with honest eyes for the familiar look of mirth, of kindness, of interest; and to open our hearts in the freedom of fraternal confidence, as we used to do in those boyish days, as we *dare* to do—how seldom!—now.

And as our eyes glance round the tables to-night, we can but think that the promise of our early years has not failed. For our Class was large-hearted as well as full-brained and energetic. Its sympathy and assistance went out generously to every form of distress and necessity. With the ardor of youth and high purpose, its members were eager to enter life, that they might share its burdens and dispense relief and hope and comfort to the weary and suffering among men. Οὐχ ἡμῖν

Digitized by Google

μόνοις was our early motto, and, animated by that catholic spirit, the Class proposed to live and labor. And those qualities of true manliness and whole-souled earnestness appear indeed to glow now with all of their former fervor. For, as within the compass of these walls are found the representatives of almost every profession, art or science which performs a part in the work of human progress, the Class of Sixty-One may boast with conscious pride that some of its hundred hands are busy in every department of life in advancing the sacred cause of civilization, of order, of truth. The teacher, the scholar, the physician, the lawyer, the minister, the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the sailor, the soldier from beneath the blood-dripping clouds of battle, is each here, and each has wrought steadfastly and unflinchingly what his hands have found to do, zealous that through all vicissitudes the Class good name might be preserved, its honor enhanced and its influence extended and perpetuated. And now, with good feeling and harmony which would do honor to any Class, we have returned, rejoicing in the unexampled prosperity of this "ancient Nurse of Letters," worthy sons of a noble Mother. Such is the Class of Sixty-One *as it is*—as we see it to-night.

But the Class of Sixty-One which we remember, which we *love* to remember, which enters into the history of our lives, is that which forms the center of every picture which recollection paints in colors dim or vivid. Strive as we may to be absorbed in the present joys of this occasion, or in contemplation of the doubtful future, still our thoughts will group themselves about the past, through whose closing portals we catch glimpses of happy and familiar scenes. To-morrow the future may claim for its cares and troubles, but to-night the star-eyed Goddess of Memory crowns our feast and demands our libations. But the history of those four years passed here, who can ever narrate? What annalist could describe, what artist could depict, that shifting series of events of which faithful Memory reminds us. How we came to New Haven, were escorted to our hotels by officious Sophomores, admired the prevailing politeness of the students, especially of the Sophomores—grievous mistake!—went to Alumni Hall, trembled in the august presence of a Tutor; exulted over our certificates of admission, quite forgot to look for the conditions; how we went to Statement of Facts, how we heard no facts at all; how we joined the Freshman Societies and thought we should never live to be members; how the rushes in front of the Chapel acquainted us with Professor Thacher; how we gave original demonstrations in Euclid, scanned—originally—also; how Vice Secretaryships were the goal of early am-

Digitized by Google

bition; how we pow-wowed and became Sophomores; told the Freshmen the same stories which "sold" us; took to boating and became men of muscle; frequented York Square and Grove Hall—perhaps also Miss Brace's; walked Chapel street; never could answer "Why?" or "How's that?"—buried Euclid with small regret; practised gymnastics in the Latin Tutor's room; "crammed" for Biennial and fizzled; went to the Jubilee, came back Juniors; assumed dignity and canes; indulged canine propensities; reveled in optionals; celebrated Junior Exhibition and Wooden Spoon, to the infinite delight of New Haven young ladies; elected Lit. Editors and First Presidents; put on Senior grandeur; attended lectures; mastered chemistry; witnessed frequent "precipitations," and "re-actions," (precipitations of peas and re-actions of indignation); observed the "solution of continuity;" heard of "cosmothetic idealism;" had abundant opportunity to admire the "Philosophy of the Conditioned;" came to Presentation Day, listened to Shearer's fascinating oration, were melted under its tender pathos; sang our last songs; smoked our last pipes; shook hands in the parting ring under the arching elms; cheered the old Colleges, and were through. How Commencement came, the Valedictory was pronounced, the diplomas were doled out to eager recipients, and we went forth from these tranquil halls sadly but resolutely.

"The world was all before them—where to choose their place of rest—and Providence their guide." Ah! my friends, those happy days are gone forever. Upon that page Time has set his irrevocable seal, and closed the record. Between the present and those four years of mirth, of friendship, of mental growth and discipline, flows a stream more impassible than the dark waters of the Styx. We can but stand upon the shore, and gazing back see through the mellow light of Memory that all that was lovely is more fair, that all that was unsightly is obscured and lost. And while we gaze, shadowy forms seem to rise and faint voices to whisper, that there are vacant places here which will never be filled. Yes! Death feasts with us to-night, an unbidden and an unwelcome guest. We miss from our midst the pleasant faces and manly forms of loved associates now gone from earth. As we adopt our Class-boy and inaugurate his young life with warm wishes and bright hopes, even here the chilling shadow of sorrow intrudes and the tribute of grief falls over early graves. Inspired by the emotions of this hour—emotions which it is given us rarely in a life-time to experience—the Class of Sixty-One will return to its several labors with the spirit and fortitude of earnest men. May each man bear with him pure purposes and sound principles, and

Digitized by Google

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,"

follow faithfully where the voice of duty calls. And as the ivy which we planted, defying the heats and storms, and climbing bravely with its tendril hands, crowns those gray walls with leafy honors, so may the Class, stretching its members into every dignified calling and urging them onward by sacred memories and noble aspirations, crown its stately Alma Mater with the glory of their good works and fame, leaving a memory fresh and fragrant.

"Our Absent Classmates" were warmly remembered in the third regular toast. William H. Fuller, of New York, held us all in close attention while he eloquently alluded to them, one after another, in substantially the following words:—

This is the night of all nights to which, for more than three years, we have looked forward with pleasant anticipation. This is the night which was to gather in its embrace the scattered fragments of our Class. This is the place, and this the hour, which were to witness the revival of those old friendships and old memories which have made the recollections of our College life so lasting and so dear.

As I stand here to-night, how short the interval seems since, with clasped hands beneath the trees, we sang our parting song. Then, through the dimness of tears, we looked far off into the future, to a day in which we would meet again in the Triennial Union of the Class. And yet, when the ring was broken, we knew that we could not all return, for, in the years to come, some must lay down their burden in the weary march of life. And now, as I look down the lines of these old Classmates, I see here and there among them vacant chairs, reminding us, how sadly and how tenderly, of the absent and the dead. For those who have exchanged the dark plume for a crown, a fitter tongue than mine shall speak. To represent the absent living is now my grateful task.

We miss them from our midst. Scattered all over the world; some in foreign lands; some in distant states; some in camps upon the Potomac and the James; some in the trenches at Petersburgh; some in the rifle-pits at Atlanta; others in the hospitals, it may be of both armies; some, prisoners upon the land, and others, sailing upon the sea; how do all these men turn their thoughts to this place to-night, where some of their old Classmates are celebrating their olden love in this Triennial Union of the Class.

Digitized by Google

Float back to these absent men the murmurs of our songs! In this still night and calm night, let them forget their toils, their cares, their wounds; and though they lie down beside their camp-fires and their guns, let them come in dreams to renew the friendships of those rare and peaceful College days. I said it was for the absent that I spoke. But I know how poorly any words of mine can lighten the loss we all in common feel, for with every absent Classmate some of us miss an old and valued friend. How thick and bright the memories of these absent men! It seems almost as though the Fates had conspired to rob us of half our joy, in withholding from us much that was noblest in the Class. We miss the Judge. When was he ever absent from the Class before? In the solitude of his legal apartments at St. Paul, he consoles himself, with never failing philosophy, and the luxury of his pipe. But he is not forgotten, for, in our hearts, we kindly hold the memory of our Hero of the Spoon.

Shearer and Sill are not here. I saw them when they started upon an uncertain voyage around the Horn to California. When they sailed, it was with the confident expectation, if life and health were spared, that they would be with us at Triennial. They have been disappointed, but not more than we. Next Spring they hope to return, and gladly will we welcome them back.

We miss Bulkley. Dumb-bells as big as those he once used in Junior year could not insure against the Chickahominy Swamp. The arduous duties he performed, as Medical Cadet, during a part of the Peninsula Campaign, broke down his health, and he, too, sought California, to regain his strength. The last news from him announces that he is fully restored, and that in good time he will be with us again.

We miss Tony Higgins and Williams. This night finds both at Havre de Grace, in the Delaware State Militia, which they promptly joined, to repel the thundering, plundering, rebel raid, which the supineness of a single State allowed to dash defiantly, almost at the National Capitol's gates. They at least did their whole duty, and though we appreciate and applaud the sacrifice they made, we cannot but regret the necessity which occasioned it.

Frank Kernochan is not here. Last week a dark wing rustled, and a shadow fell upon his home. The weight of a great sorrow lies upon him, and has unfitted him for the festivities of this hour. Kindly let us remember Frank, for he always kindly remembered us.

We miss other men, whom fate may lose to us forever. There are Slingluff, and Brent, and Billy Sims, and Sandy Root. What shall I

Digitized by Google

say of these? This night they are in arms against their father's country and our own. It is not for me, at this time, to pronounce upon their misfortune, or their crime. I speak of them, and for them, simply as absent Classmates, whom we may never meet again.

Who of us can forget the hero of the big fur cap and the sweet songster of the Class? Slingluff Βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος! That wild yell, the midnight terror of the startled Fresh, echoes among Jeb Stewart's troopers now; but there are Union soldiers who have heard that unearthly scream before, and know that it does not mean a regiment, nor yet a company of men. That Slingluff intended to join us, is evident from his recent movements into Maryland; but when he attempted to bring with him a whole division of Rebel friends, the Union troops felt called upon to interpose, and deny us the honor he intended to confer.

Of Billy Sims I cannot speak except in terms of affectionate regret. I know how much is due to birth and early education. I know how strongly the affections and prejudices of childhood cling round a man in his maturer years. We were not, therefore, surprised that he followed the fortunes of his native state. But that he was conscientious in his action, and uninfluenced by personal considerations, may be inferred from the fact, that from the first battle of Bull Run, steadily through the war, he has fought as a private in the ranks. Conflicting rumors of his fate have, from time to time, come back to us; but, before the commencement of Grant's campaign, some Rebel prisoners told My Deadly Lyon, that they knew Billy well, and that when they saw him last, he was the raggedest, dirtiest, heartiest, pluckiest little Rebel in the Mississippi ranks. Still later reports have reached us, that he was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness. Let us hope that no sad fate may befall him, for though, for the time, an enemy to the Union, he is at least a conscientious and honorable foe.

Sandy Root is not here. I need not say how much the loss of his presence is felt by us all. I know somewhat the unfortunate circumstances which surrounded him just after graduation. Alone at the North; his father and his home in Texas; the breach between the two sections widening every day; surely, if any one deserved a generous sympathy, it was he. He had no heart to enter the service on either side. Up to the last moment, he had hoped to go abroad and remain till peace again crowned the land. Compelled to forego this cherished wish, he at last set out, alone, to pass our lines and reach his Southern home. What his life has been, for the past three years, none of us can tell. Heaven shield the old boy, for there are hearts

Digitized by Google

among us that would ache to hear that harm had happened to their old friend and Classmate, Sandy Root!

Whatever may be in store for our Southern men or ourselves, we can never cease to regard them as members of the old Class. Representing them, as well as the other absent, I would utter no word which would fall harshly upon any ear. Rather, at this hour, consecrated to class-fellowship, with the memories of the past still fresh and dear, would I express the feeling of us all, that not far hence, with a restored Union and an honorable peace, we may meet again in this old College home, in the same spirit which marked four pleasant years of student life at Yale.

And now, my thoughts turn gladly to those other men, true heroes of the Class, absent from us to night, not that they loved us less, but duty and their country more. Honor, all honor, to these brave men! Proudly we welcome here to-night, these two representatives of the army,* who have proved their loyalty, and their courage, by the honorable wounds they bear.

Would that the rest could be with us,—Stocking, Kinney, Hyde, Flint, DeForest, Cook, Webster, Clark, Faxon, Merrill, Thomson, Lyon, Tyler, Fitzhugh, Payson, Marshall, McKinney, Ives,—how nobly have these men deserved of the College and the country.

Stocking,—modest, retiring, quiet man,—the last to join the army from any love of adventure, or hope of reward; shrinking even from the ordinary bustle and petty contests of College, has won from us all a tribute for his soldierly worth.

Kinney, too, ought to be here. His Regiment returned to-day, but John C., as Signal Officer on detached service, remained in the Department of the Gulf. We have seen his name among the slightly wounded; but we hear he is back in the field again, where, as before, he will give a good account of himself.

Flint, also, deserves a warm remembrance. Some who sit near me should especially remember him, for was he not monitor of the old Second Division. As officer, and soldier too, he has done his whole duty. Success to him!

There, too, are Marshall and Faxon, for a long time Class representatives at the Capitols of the two Governments. At Washington, Marshall, our Minister Plenipotentiary, *con amore*. At Richmond, Faxon, President of Libby Prison, *ex necessitate*. The Court of the latter may not have been inviting, but the associations that surround

* Lieut. Col. Charles T. Stanton, 21st Conn. Vols.; Capt. Walter Chester, Gen. Crawford's Staff.

Digitized by Google

it have made it immortal. No blush of shame need mantle an American soldier's cheek, that he has been incarcerated in that loathsome place. To have suffered for the Union there, is as noble as to have suffered for liberty in the Bastile. In the army which lies in front of that Rebel city, there are soldiers of this Class, who patiently wait to avenge the wrongs which have been witnessed by that hated place. When the day of retribution comes, let them strike a double blow for their own Classmates who have there felt the bitterness of Rebel hate.

In our boating days at College, there used to be a rumor, that a certain member of the University Crew would insist, in spite of ridicule, remonstrance or entreaty, upon wearing his beaver in the boat. I am sure no further description is necessary to introduce staunch, sturdy, plucky,—I have heard, obstinate, but I know, irrepressible,—McKinney.

When we heard that he was going into the army, we knew there would be one man in the service, whom neither fear nor favor could move one hair from his rights or duty. That this prediction has proved true, may be inferred from the fact, that he has abolished nearly all of the original field officers of the regiment to which he first belonged.

Like all the three years soldiers of the army, McKinney's life has been full of vicissitude and adventure. I have heard Bulkley tell how one dark and rainy night, as they lay at one of the landings on the Peninsula, he saw a trooper tenderly bearing a sick and helpless officer through the camp, to place him on board one of the transports, that was to carry the wounded home. The trooper was McKinney, and the sick man, his friend, Capt. Diodate Hannahs. In spite of the orders, that only wounded could be received, these Yale men soon placed their friend on board. With this act of friendship done, McKinney prepared to leave. Though comfortable quarters were pressed upon him by Bulkley, he could not be induced, even for a single night, to remain. Muffling his coat, already drenched with rain, about him, he rode out into the darkness and the storm, back to his duty at the front.

It is these acts of kindness which light up with sunshine the otherwise dark, sad picture of the war. In McKinney's devotion to Hannahs, there was something very touching. As brother officers, they shared the same tent, faced the same dangers, had the same high hopes; but a day came when that relation ceased; for, high above all dangers, and all honors of battle, Hannahs had been promoted. Almost on the very spot which had witnessed McKinney's devotion be-

Digitized by Google

fore, that sad tragedy occurred which robbed him of his friend and the country of a brave young man. In the stillness and the shadow of that last night, McKinney never left his dying friend. In his arms he quietly passed away; and he who had been his companion and faithful friend in life, was faithful even unto the end.

Many long, weary months have passed since then, and McKinney still keeps on with the same earnestness, the same valor, the same devotion to country. To wish him promotion for its own sake, would only occasion a smile. I did so once, and his reply was,—"change my position!—I would not give it for a Brigadier General's!" If, then, we may not wish him promotion, to which he is indifferent, we may at least send him what he would far higher prize,—the pledge of the continued regard of the old Class, and our pride in his achievements of the last three years.

We look in vain to-night for another Classmate,—Brayton Ives. Among the very first to enter the service for three years or the war, he has steadily won his way from First Lieutenant, up to Lieut. Colonel. In this he has simply realized the predictions of his friends; for, with no disparagement to any of the rest, I think he seemed, in truth, THE soldier of the Class. In all College sports, where was he not engaged? How my mind runs back to those days! Was there to be a Division Rush? Stand back, First and Third, if the Second, with Dick Hoolihan and McKinney and Ives, held the foot of the Atheneum stairs! Was there to be a Statement of Facts Rush in front of Brewster's Hall? Give us Stanton and the Judge and McKinney and Ives, and send down a regiment of the longest and biggest of the other Class! Did the Owl Train want a conductor, when with billies, and bangers, and spiked collars, and masks, we, independent and indignant Fresh, rose in our might to rout the marauding Sophs, Ives was the man to run it. Was there a race to be rowed? We could always count on the starboard stroke! But those days are long since passed. Since then, these men have done sterner work. No boy's-play, now, to face a regiment, for it carries desolation and death in its ranks. From them, as from no other danger, Brayt. Ives never shrank. Time and again has Governor Buckingham sought to give him the command of one of the regiments of his State; but each time, some unfortunate circumstance seemed to intervene to rob him of the honors which his services have won. Fortune, at last, seems to have awarded him something of his due, and the First Connecticut Cavalry may be as proud of their Lieut. Colonel as we are of our Classmate—Brayton Ives.

Digitized by Google

Time forbids that I should speak of the other men of the Class who have deserved well of the country in this protracted war. But there is one man whose character and services demand more than a passing allusion at my hands. We miss him to-night. Glorious Bob Fitzhugh! How he has spoken, in the thunder of his artillery, on every battle-field, from the Rapidan to the James! No man of this Class, probably no man of any Class, has seen more fighting and hotter fighting than Bob Fitzhugh. From that grand gala day, when the almost imperial army of the Potomac, with blazoned banners and martial music, proudly embarked upon the Peninsula campaign, through all the victories which it won, through all the disasters which finally beat it back in defeat, through Antietam, and Fredericksburgh, through Chancellorville and Gettysburgh, through the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor, Fitzhugh's Battery has borne a conspicuous and honorable part.

At Antietam, Bob did his whole duty. At the close of that memorable day, when it was thought that a victory had been gained, orders were passed along the lines to cease firing. Soon all grew still save a single gun, which kept *booming—booming* over the field. There was no stop to it. At regular intervals, that deep, dull booming announced to the Rebs that somebody, at least, was in for an all-day fight. Suddenly, an orderly dashed up with the sharp command to "*stop that gun,*"—and lo, it was Lieut. Fitzhugh who was working as earnestly as at any time during the day. Some ill-natured persons have intimated that Bob probably had not heard the order, but the better opinion is, that he knew what he was about, and had made up his mind to continue the fight, and so turn a doubtful victory into a perfect rout.

Since then, more than one battle has been fought and won. But what fate awaits these Union soldiers of the Class, no one can tell. God grant, in the hour of battle, to cover them with His cloud. After so much suffering endured, so many dangers incurred, and so many triumphs won, let their devotion and their heroism be crowned with success. Soon, soon, may we catch glimpses of that dawn which ushers in our victory and the nation's peace. Then, tried by this baptism of fire, purified by the sufferings of this generation, with a higher mutual regard between North and South, the country will rise again, slowly it may be, but magnificently still, and by her just laws, and her noble, free Constitution, claim for herself the proud title of Priestess and Queen among the Nations! When that day arrives, a grateful posterity will crown with honor and with blessings these

Digitized by Google

men of our Class not only, but of the whole Union, who have given all and dared all for this glorious consummation.

The Class then sang the accompanying song, written by E. R. Sill :—

TUNE—"*Evening Bells.*"

As through the noon the reapers rest,
Till sinks the sun adown the west,
From morning-toil an hour we come
To dream beneath the trees of home.

O gentle elms, within your shade
Ye keep the vows that we have made:
Your bending boughs, in tender tone,
Are whispering still of Sixty-One.

Like drowsy murmurs of the noon,
Our noisy futures melt in tune,
And all the past, like ocean shell,
Still echoing, sighs—farewell, farewell!

Pure as the evening's pearly star,
And sweet as songs that float afar,
Our olden love comes back to-night,
In music soft, and starry light.

O summer-wind, on pinions strong,
Waft to the absent ones our song;
And tell them, wander as they will,
We love them still,—we love them still!

The President announced as the fourth toast,—"THE WIVES OF SIXTY-ONE,"—which was replied to by George Chalmers, of New York. The Bachelors of the Class, apparently despairing of being able to defend their "single blessedness," endeavored to console themselves by singing the following song, contributed by Sill :—

TUNE—"*Am' I shall be its Dad.*"

Of all the folks the sun can see
Around the earth so far,
The happiest three are Bradliee,
The baby and its ma!

Digitized by Google

The baby and its ma,
The baby and its ma,—
The happiest three are Bradliee,
The baby and its ma.

We all might dance upon our laps
A boy as well as Brad,
If we had taken the proper steps,—
And don't we wish we had?
And don't we wish we had, etc.

There's many a house with kindred piled
Since Adam was a lad,
But never yet was Christian child
So many uncles had.
So many uncles had, etc.

The College fathers by this boy
Are made grandfathers hale,
And *Alma Mater*, to her joy
Is now grandmother Yale.
Is now grandmother Yale, etc.

Not all our band around us stand
As when we here begun,
But though we stray by twos and threes,
We still are Sixty-One.
We still are Sixty-one, etc.

Though less each year we gather here,
Till half our ring is gone,
Yet even were there sixty lost,
'Twould still be Sixty-One.
'Twould still be Sixty-One, etc.

And though this generation goes,
As sinks the evening sun,
Like stars shall rise bright baby-eyes
To cheer old Sixty-One.
To cheer old Sixty-One, etc.

The bachelors must live close by
To those who wives have won,
To kiss the girls, and toss on high
The boys of Sixty-One.
The boys of Sixty-One, etc.

The rippling music of their laugh
We'll join with pipings old,

Digitized by Google

And mingle with our grizzled hair
Their sunny locks of gold.
Their sunny locks of gold, etc.

And through a little mist of tears
We'll look upon their fun,
Till still the men of sixty years
Are boys of Sixty-One.
Are boys of Sixty-One, etc.

The next sentiment,—"THE ARMY AND NAVY,"—was responded to by Charles T. Stanton, of Stonington, Ct., just promoted to be Lieut. Col. of the 21st Conn. Volunteers. The Class greeted him with cheer after cheer as he rose from his seat, still suffering from a severe wound in his right arm, received in May last, during a hotly contested engagement near Fort Darling, on the James. None of those present will soon forget how feelingly he alluded to his irrepressible desire to attend the Triennial of his Class. For the last three years he had looked forward to this occasion, cherishing the hope that he might be permitted to be present, and now, though contrary to the advice of friends, he thought he would decide for himself, and come.

Captain Walter T. Chester, of General Crawford's Staff, also added a few words, and William H. Higbee responded for the Navy.

To the sixth toast,—"NON-GRADUATE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS,"—Henry Holt replied in a highly appropriate manner, alluding to the strong hold Sixty-One would always have upon the affections of all who had ever been members of the Class.

Rev. Theodore S. Wynkoop was next called upon, in response to the seventh regular toast,—"THE CLERGY OF THE CLASS,"—and replied as follows :—

It is with great hesitation that I rise to respond to the toast just offered—To the Ministers of our Class. Not so much because I am called to represent those twelve of our number who have entered, or are now expecting to enter, the Ministry. It seems to me, that in responding to this toast, I represent not so much the persons as the office; an office which I cannot but regard as the noblest and most exalted to which any human being could aspire.

Digitized by Google

Because, in the first place, it is an office to which we must be divinely appointed. No man, no church, can make a Minister. Men may, indeed, appoint to its duties, and confer its titles; but the true Minister is one who has a divine call, which tells him he would be untrue to himself, to the church, and to God, unless he should devote himself to the work of the Ministry. Hence the Minister stands forth as the Ambassador of God; a weak man, and a sinning man, he knows himself to be, yet clothed with a divine commission, and therefore speaking with authority the truths of God. Equally exalted is the office of the Minister, in respect to the great themes with which he is engaged. He is called to consider the most momentous of all questions—the nature of God and His government over His creatures; the nature of man, his present condition, his duties and his hopes—questions of the highest practical importance to every one, but which the deepest speculation of all ages has sought in vain to fathom; the solution of which, man must be content to receive, in humble faith, from the Book of revelation. Theology—discourse concerning God and our relations to Him—is the mistress to whom Metaphysics, Philosophy and Science are but handmaids.

The exalted position of our office will, perhaps, be even more apparent, if we consider the results which it seeks to accomplish.

Its great aim is to turn the soul from sin and neglect of God, and to allure it to the love of God and holiness. Its duty is to apply the principles of morality and religion, which it learns from the Word of God, to all the varied circumstances of the individual soul. Its great conflict is with those influences of evil within and around us, which lead the soul astray. To this end it seeks to make heavenly light shine into darkened eyes, and heavenly wisdom reach deaf ears. In this, the Minister is the truest philanthropist, because his attacks are directed against that sinfulness of heart and nature, which is the cause and root of all the evil and misery which we see around us.

For these reasons, it is not too much to claim—what indeed you will readily grant—that there is no office so responsible and so important, as the office of the sacred Ministry.

This toast is an expression and a pledge of your interest in us, and in the work to which we have devoted ourselves. We thank you for this interest. We know it is real. We feel, this night, as we never felt before, that our common life in dear old Yale has bound around our hearts a cord of friendship that cannot be broken, and which will only draw us closer together as the years go by, however we may be separated in different, and it may be distant paths of duty

Digitized by Google

The same kind interest we Ministers promise and pledge to you. While we take this high view of our own profession, we do not underrate those which you have chosen. God does not call all to preach the gospel. He does call many to uphold the cause of Christ and of the right, in the Law and in Medicine. If we need faithful Ministers, so we need faithful Statesmen, Teachers, men of business, whose lives are regulated by the highest Christian principles, and dedicated to the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. We may apply to ourselves that beautiful figure of the Apostle Paul,—"The body is not one member, but many. The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." There is for each of us a noble calling. Where God in his Providence has placed each one, that is for us the best of places. What God has given each to do, that is the noblest work in which we can engage. And while I would urge upon myself and you the importance of lofty aims and diligent endeavors to attain them, let me remind you, in closing, that the first duty of us all—a duty which is essential to true success—is, that we should, first of all, heartily consecrate our own selves to the service of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The eighth toast,—"THE LEGAL PROFESSION,"—called out S. Arthur Bent, of New Ipswich, N. H., who replied as follows:—

I confess, in rising to respond for the Legal profession, at feeling somewhat amazed at the honor which is thus conferred upon me, the receipt whereof is hereby duly acknowledged. It is that I should be called upon to respond for the Bar, who have not yet been admitted within its sacred precincts. Had I even been successful in losing my first case, I might feel that I had something of a right to appear for the noble band embraced in the sentiment. But, unlike my able and learned brethren who have already cases to plead, I have not yet arrived at the dignity of being able to plead for a case. Accordingly, if you expect a thrilling narrative of crimes detected by the sleepless activity of years, followed through the labyrinth of concatenated circumstances, which the ingenuity of depraved intellect has been able to invent; if you would be moved by the heart-rending recital of fees extorted from the famished grasp of clients beggared by protracted litigation; if you would be regaled with confessions of the sharp practice which is supposed to burden the conscience of the profession; if such is the appropriate response to this toast, you will be disappointed.

Digitized by Google

'Tis not my trade, yet. But, may it please the Court, having been summoned to appear in the cause now in hearing, while I might plead in bar, that, not being a member of the Bar, I ought to be debarred from embarking in such an undertaking, I prefer to waive all such special pleading, enter my appearance, to go at once to the country on the general issue. There is, however, one consolation to be derived from the choice which has been made, that by appearing in the disguise which the authorities have thrust upon me, I can exhibit to the Class of '61 a specimen of that unique and somewhat mythical character, the "briefless Barrister."

The profession of the Law. I propose briefly to mention a few of its characteristics, which two years of intense study have enabled me to discover. It is hardly necessary for me to remark, that the Law is a profound science, as profound, indeed, as the journey a tenant in fee may make through his own dominions by the under-ground Railroad, whither, I imagine, some evil-minded persons wish the entire profession were at this moment traveling. It is generally, but I believe erroneously, supposed to be a lucrative profession, probably because the Judges are often sitting in *banc*, yet from all I can learn from my learned brothers, the idea of connecting lucre with law, is rather a *lucus a non*. Although the practice of the Law is not a purely religious occupation, yet none are more careful of the interests of the soul, than we—especially of a *femme sole*, and whose transactions are carried nearer to the confines of futurity than ours, which are performed, or are supposed to be, *uberrima fide?* The Law is often considered an expensive luxury, for those who seek its assistance, and not less for those who seek it successfully, which might have been the experience of that cynical individual who first spoke of *suffering* a *recovery*, though, as if to be revenged of his own satire, he denominates it in the same breath a *fine* operation. I would not, however, be understood as discouraging any member of '61 from consulting, professionally, the gentlemen in whose behalf I am speaking. Indeed, I have no doubt that, after a few visits to their legal apartments, you will exclaim, unlike the fly in a certain fable, "I have been there, and still would go."

In regard to the expectations which the Lawyers of '61 indulge, I shall be brief. Like the Freshman, who scents the Valedictory afar off, but whose scent generally turns out to be a sent-homeward, there is one position, that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which we have all concluded to accept. Lesser honors, which small intellects, seen in other Classes than '61, would consider

Digitized by Google

valuable, will only be regarded in reference to this chief end of our legal career. We hope, gentlemen, that in the spheres in which you have resolved to revolve, you have determined, with similar accuracy, what reward of your toils you will consider satisfactory. Then, at some distant day, laying aside our ermine, and emerging from "the dingy purlieus of the inns of law," we shall hope to meet with you around some such festive board, to revive the past, recall our thoughts, "shoulder our crutch and show how spoils were won." Let us also hope, that whenever that day may come, the only sword seen in our land shall be that which Justice holds aloft in her sacred courts, and that "the kindly earth may slumber, lapped in universal Law."

James W. McLane, of New York, responded for—"THE DOCTORS OF THE CLASS." After saying many pleasant things, and alluding to the part the Doctors of '61 took in the Peninsula Campaign, ministering to the wants of one of our Classmates, he closed his remarks by proposing a volunteer toast, which will immediately suggest itself, when we premise that F. Jones responded, amid roars of laughter, with his usual dignity and fidelity to nature, reminding us of the time when Old South, and especially No. 14, seemed peopled with feathered tribes.

The next toast,—"THE BUSINESS MEN OF '61,"—was ably responded to as follows, by Oliver McClintock, of Pittsburg, Pa:—

Mr. President and Classmates,—We, the twenty business men of our Class, who come up to this festival of letters, from the mills and marts and moneys of the land, yield preëminence to no profession, in the significance and meaning of the crown of gratitude and adoration, which constitutes our Triennial offering at the shrine of Yale. The hundred men, who left these halls three years ago, strong in the discipline, and courage, and self-reliance of our educated manhood, went forth éager to measure our strength with the tasks of achieving and bearing, of laboring and suffering, which are, in our day, so preëminently the privilege and portion of every earnest, honest patriot and Christian. With a sobered joy and a chastened gladness, we come back home, to-night, bearing the infallible verdict of three years of experience and the unerring proving of a long campaign of very forefront fighting, with which to curse or bless those responsible gymna-

Digitized by Google

siarchs of our manhood's training,—those intellectual vulcans, whose Cyclopian fires of the curriculum and iron hammers of discipline have forged and fashioned for us the mental and moral armor, which makes up our equipment for life's conflict.

The professions have their own grateful histories of trial and triumph, but none has a higher privilege than is mine, to rise at your call, for the business men's estimate of a Yale training, in the activity, competition and danger of the American mercantile life. Has the fighting harness, with whose virgin swords we entered the arena of business, three years ago, proved, like the "divinely wrought" armor of Achilles, an omnipotent enginery, for battling with the Trojan ranks of obstinate difficulties and harassing responsibilities, that thicken around every earnest life; or, like Goliath's ponderous, pompous mail of war, powerless for the struggle with the unpretending Davids of practical life, whose smooth brook-stones of experience, and sling of a special training, are the simple but not contemptible companions of their fearless front and courageous self-reliance?

We are too young yet, to point to any colossal achievements, or heaped up trophies of success; but we certainly ought now to have learned the requirements of a business life, and how far and successfully we have been furnished with the means of their fulfillment. It is, therefore, from what we know, not what we have done, that we can to-night refute the utilitarian advocates of an exclusive training, and vindicate the so-called artificial habits, unreal relations, and misdirected studies of our College education, in their bearings upon practical life. Without ignoring the inherence to every pursuit of minor details and particular modes, we affirm that there are certain habits of thought and action, which will be found to be the common elements of all business success, and, therefore, make up the common basis of every business man's preparation.

Among the most popular and patent of these qualities of a business capacity, will be classed a patient meeting and faithful doing of each day's duties; an iron tenacity of will, under disappointment and trial; and an indomitable energy of purpose, under the multiplication of difficulty and responsibility. But, what men so likely to prove the patient, diligent, faithful workers of society, as the "graduati cum honoribus," who have climbed up the learned steeps of a College course, term by term, and year by year; whose parchment-scrolls are not, like the sunshine and rain, the gifts to the just and unjust, the idle and the deserving alike; but the rewards and earnings of much weariness and watching, of long toil and tribula-

Digitized by Google

tion, under almost Egyptian task-masters of the mind? Who so probably the men of iron will and inflexible purpose, in the attainment of the grander, nobler aims of life, as the men who have spent whole weeks of nights in preparation for the intellectual combat of debate, or struggle for scholastic preëminence; or those others, whose broad backs and strong arms have clung to and struggled with an oar, until the brain reeled, the throat parched, the blood coursed fire, and the muscles grew numb, in the manly contest for the intrinsic nothing of a flag; the insignificant trophy of a harbor's supremacy?

A business man needs a knowledge of men, and the modes of managing them; but where will you find so thorough a school of character as the College Class, drawn from every section, every rank, whose four years of intermingling and association dismantle so completely all the secret springs and principles of every heart, that, even to the ordinary student of character, it becomes but a question of the simplest, almost arithmetical solution, when, of the three quantities, a certain man, the circumstances, and his course of action, any two being given, the third is required?

Again, the business man, of special training, must stand at a disadvantage with the one of liberal education, on his own professional maxim of the "division of risk and the distribution of investment." When weary of the conflict with the meanness and exactions of a selfish world, or burdened with the disappointments of heart, or the perplexities of life, which are every earnest man's inheritance, he looks around for refuge and comfort; there is no sweet companionship of one's own thoughts; no serene presence of intellectual delight, into which he can flee for consolation and strength; or, when the storm comes, and drives his bark upon the sunken rocks of misfortune, that are everywhere, without a beacon to the business mariner, and he finds himself suddenly bereft of friends, fortune and employment, there is no intellectual "well-spring of water" springing up within the soul, to cheer; no "good part" of his early manhood's choice, that "shall never be taken from him;" no imperishable treasures of the mind, which, "the world cannot give nor take away;" but he is left utterly stripped, desolate and forsaken, with no companionship in his loss, no comforter in his ruin.

Highest and best of all these qualities, because most spiritual, and therefore most vital to the soul's welfare, are the incorruptible integrity of heart, the simple earnestness of purpose, and the unswerving devotion to duty, which alone consecrate exertion, and without which

Digitized by Google

none can look for a permanence of success, or a retention of power. But where in all the land can you find such a union of all those social, moral and intellectual influences, which are strongest to lift men up into the highest levels of thought and action, as center about this College of our choice? Where such standards of solid worth and manly learning; such models of Christian faithfulness and heroic sacrifice; such examples of the "being, rather than the seeming," as fill the chairs of authority in these halls of learning? What one of us, when confronted with temptations to avarice, or discontent, or self-seeking, or to a neglect of duty, under the solicitings of pleasure, has looked in upon memory's image of a Goodrich, a Woolsey, a Porter, or a Thacher, with their glorious lives of ill-repaid toil and benevolent activity, and not felt his weak purposes of duty harden into adamant, against the attacks of the tempter?

Such is the tribute of the past, and the testimony of experience, and what with the vast outpouring of the nation's blood and treasure, in its life-struggle of the present; the consequent inflation and derangement of its finance and commerce, and the prospective burden of disintegration and weakness, which the hour of peace must bring, it requires no prophetic eye to interpret the country's need for the future. That need, above and more than all other needs, is the need of educated, Christian, business men,—men who shall constitute the brain-power of our great commercial centers,—who shall arouse, shape, lead and control the public mind and popular will into a just and intelligent dealing with those questions of public policy and party principle, which become vital, not only to the well-being, but to the very existence of the State; men who shall, with prudence, economy and skill, give direction and policy to the energies of production, and the manifold expedients of thrift; who shall harmonize the relations of labor and capital, and heal all sources of popular discontent and Agrarian dissension; in a word, men who shall, by building up the fabric of the general wealth, strengthen the foundations of the Republic. Such have been the business men our Alma Mater has already given her. Such were Yale, Hillhouse, Whitney, Perit and Herrick, whose deeds, not words, live after them; whose monuments, "aere perennius," are in us, from us, and around us.

Shall not we all, to-night, my Classmates, sanctified by this fresh baptism and outpouring of their ancestral spirit upon our hearts, and strengthened by this renewal of our most blessed bond of intellectual brotherhood, go down from this mount of privilege and blessing, to be more faithful apostles and exemplars of Yale's spirit and doctrines;

Digitized by Google

more resolved to keep self subordinate, and the country paramount; more consecrated to the Christ-like mission of saving and healing, in this, the hour of our country's most imminent peril and danger?

The President announced as the next regular toast,—"THE TEACHERS OF THE CLASS,"—to which J. G. Clark, of West Chester, Pa., replied.

Mr. President and my Classmates,—The three years that have passed since we parted here, have wrought great changes in us, not only in our forms and features, but in our modes of thinking, and our ideas of things. We were boys when we left here, but we have come back men, who now look life fully in the face, and have made actual experience of it. If I mistake not, we who gather around this table to-night, have a far different, a higher, a truer conception than we then had of the practical value, to a young man, in times like these, of a College education, completed and rounded, like that which our Alma Mater gives. In the quiet "piping times of peace," when industry developed itself according to well worn and studied rules, even then it was education, allied with manly activity, and supported by conscious integrity, that achieved success. In the new, and, thank God, higher life, to which the nation is now being born, the old landmarks by which a young man might be guided, are no longer to be depended upon. "Old things have passed away,—behold! all things are become new." The political "heresies" of 1850, open advocacy of which was then a political death, from which there was no hope of resurrection, are to-day the corner stones of every patriot's political creed. Theology, science and literature have each experienced a similar emancipation from a thraldom under which noble minds have long chafed; and American young men have before them, turn which way they may, a field of labor where every man must stand upon his own foundation, and mark out his own course. Originality of thought is what the hour demands; the power to choose, the will to execute, and an enlightened, educated mind to support and assure. The demand, therefore, for educational talent was never so great as now. The profession of the teacher was never so intrinsically worthy, so full of weighty responsibility, as it is to-day. New elements enter into it. New ideas are to be inculcated. New ambitions are to be aroused. New, loftier, nobler aims are to be set forth. Need I say, my Classmates, that those of our number who have permanently chosen this profession, and many of those who tarry in it only for a

Digitized by Google

while, perceive and appreciate these changes, and accept the responsibilities they bring with them. We all, from my sesquipedalian friend and room-mate, who supports tutorial dignity in the classic Atheneum, to the philanthropic Payson, who toddled the darkey contraband upon his knee, at Hilton Head, hold out our hands to every Doctor, Lawyer and Priest, who gathers here, and we pledge ourselves again that, so far as we are able, we will act well our part,—we will do what we can to give to others a share of those blessings which were sponsorially delivered to us when our Alma Mater baptized us as her graduates, in that most blessed year of our Lord 1861.

Joseph L. Shipley, of the Editorial corps of the Springfield Republican, followed in response to "THE PRESS."

My Classmates,—We have all lingered with new and bewitching interest over the storied days of chivalric knighthood, when the bravest and truest of men were made still more brave and true, by their faithful devotion to those who had upon their allegiance the double claim of worth and weakness. Right valiantly did they do battle in those days, and though each knight had his lady fair, who was to him the impersonation of everything good and pure, each was ever glad to recognize the claims of the better and weaker sex; and though he claimed the first place for his own fair patroness, he did it not at the expense of any grace or virtue belonging to the others. The service in which he was engaged inculcated a generosity too broad and deep to permit him to say aught that would detract in the least from the merits or charms of those to whom his brethren had sworn true fealty. It was enough for him that she, whose favor adorned his helmet, and proclaimed to whom he owed devotion, was in his eyes the purest and the best. If he compared her with others, it was only to exalt the others by such comparison, and not in the least to draw them down.

I have often fancied that there was in these days no such rare and noble talk as filled up the hours whenever a knightly band came together for social pleasures, after bravely bearing the lance in rest on a hundred different fields. The glory of one was the glory of all! for all were devoted to a common cause, and not the slightest taint of dishonor rested on a single shield.

Very like such a gathering as that is the one we celebrate here tonight. Three busy and eventful years have fled since our Alma Mater gave us the symbols of literary knighthood, and sent us out to

Digitized by Google

choose for ourselves what profession or occupation we would serve with hand, voice and pen. The choice is made, and we who promised then, in broken accents, that we would to our own selves be true, and to each other, and to her who sent us forth, have come back once more to stand under the elms, and mingle together with that old freedom and confidence which was the glory and charm of those beautiful years of our novitiate. And never were brave and fearless knights louder in their praises of those for whom they had done fierce battle, than are we, in speaking of the various professions we have tried to serve in the jousts and tournaments of hard, practical life.

The names that have been ever before the world, since Christian learning had an existence, have clustered around them the majority of our noble hundred, and you are now loud in the praises of your fair patronesses. When honorable and brave men espouse a cause, the cause itself shares in their honor and nobility. But it was yours to choose for yourselves professions and occupations that have ever commanded respect and esteem, and by your choice the names of Theology, Law, Medicine, Instruction of Youth, Legitimate Business, and that old and grand profession of Arms, have gained new luster. For myself, wandering away a little from the rest of you, there came before me a form of such beauty and dignity, that all single-handed as I was, I gladly followed her in her course, content to do the humblest service, if so be I might be near her. And every day, as I have toiled on, sometimes over rough and rugged paths, I have seen fresh beauty and new dignity, and wonder not if to-night I am loud and generous in my praises of the PRESS.

In all history there is no fact plainer than that the Press rests at the very groundwork of the highest and truest civilization. Ancient civilization cultivated the few, at the expense of the many. There were men at Athens and Rome, who wrote, painted and carved as no other men have ever done. But so far beneath them in everything that pertained to generous culture, were the masses of their countrymen, that it has been left for later ages to give them the full meed of their merits. It was not till Homer's precious dust had long mingled with the earth, that any Asiatic city deemed him worthy of citizenship. And but for the wandering bards and rhapsodists who found delightful occupation in reciting the flowing metres of his matchless heroics, you and I had never conned the pages of grand old Homer. But modern civilization cares for the many, and the press undertakes the education of the world. Does any one utter a Homeric strain today, in the quiet of his own study and with no auditors save his own

Digitized by Google

thoughts and fancies, it is read and pondered on the morrow in ten thousand homes, and the before unknown and unhonored author is the center of care and thought to an admiring people. Do men plan a grand and heroic deed, one that shall lift up the oppressed, and strike down the oppressor, the Press catches the very inception of the thought, and it flashes through the world almost before its author feels sure of its mental birth. Does some dark-minded man bethink himself of a deed that would make fiends laugh and angels weep, some deep and damning wrong that he scarce dares trust his own heart with, the press interprets his purpose sooner than he himself, and just as he reaches out to seize what to his corrupt fancy would seem golden fruit, he finds his arm paralyzed and powerless. Do rebellious and disloyal hands seek to undermine the grandest and best human institutions that God ever vouchsafed to His dependent creatures; to mar and deface a flag that never floated on either continent but in the majesty of triumph, the press lifts its warning voice, and in an instant the temples of Ceres are deserted for those of Mars. But I need not particularize. The press stands between the rulers and the governed; between right and wrong; between wisdom and ignorance. The wish of Burns,

> "Oh! that some power the gift would gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us."

has been fulfilled, and the press is a universal mirror, where each may see himself with the eyes of another.

You will pardon me, ye who have sworn allegiance to other professions, if I claim that the one I represent is even broader than they all. He who expounds Theology,—how to live and how to die,—deals with the grandest truths that finite minds can ever grasp. But the sphere of his influence is limited by the compass of his voice, and he too often pleads with unwilling hearers. The lawyer must demolish structures that have been built by self-interest and prejudice, before he can lay anew the foundation of the structure he would rear in the minds of a dozen jurymen. The teacher too often finds himself the leader of a band who have little respect for his authority, and still less sympathy with the grand purposes he has for their own instruction. The press deals with events, rather than abstractions; with facts, rather than theories; with the living history of to-day, rather than the dry and distasteful formulæ of other ages and other tongues. It aims, day by day, to give a miniature history of the world. It preaches, pleads and instructs, when it seems to do neither, and often

Digitized by Google

times the defences of ignorance and prejudice fall before its sudden and unexpected attack, when they would have withstood a long and arduous siege. It has no unwilling hearers and no involuntary pupils. It is gladly received where no clergyman would dare enter, and, with its lessons of morality, helps to smooth the rugged way for its sister professions.

But with all its advantages and excellencies, the press is very far from being faultless. As a profession, journalism is yet in its infancy, and the respect it now begins to feel for itself, and to command from its sister professions, gives the strongest promise of a bright and useful future. American journalism is every day placing before itself a higher and truer standard of action, and gathering to its support the best and most versatile talent. It is a more humiliating story than I have the heart to repeat, how, in former years, the press has been too often turned aside from its legitimate aim of instructing the people, and made to subserve private and political purposes. But it is the rarest and most valuable coins that are the oftenest counterfeited, and furnishing as did the press an avenue to the hearts of the people, broader and more direct than any other profession, it was almost inevitable that it should be cursed with a legion of quacks. But year by year those who became editors only that they might get some petty office, are dropping off, and their places are being filled by men who mean to elevate the profession by hard and honest brain work, and not have the profession elevate them. It may be a great thing to be President, but it is far greater to have the power to make and unmake chief magistrates. The master is greater than the servant, and the chosen adviser and counsellor of the master is greater than either. And so it is and must be in America, that as our newspapers are, so will be the people; and as are the people, so will be the public servants to whom they delegate their power. It used to be said that he who wrote a nation's ballads, did more than he who made a nation's laws. However that was, it is true now that he who has a part in determining the character of a nation's journals, has a position than which none is higher, none grander, none more fearfully responsible.

It was in no spirit of selfishness or assumption, that I claimed, a few moments ago, a broader field for my profession than for any of the rest. But he who writes in the midnight hour what a hundred thousand pairs of eyes will eagerly scan in the grey dawn of morning, in surely in a place more immediately influential and responsible, than he who preaches to empty pews or pleads before dozing jurymen.

Digitized by Google

The times in which we live, are trying but grand. We are fighting out the great battle of freedom and free institutions; some of us with swords, and some with pens. Every intelligent man realizes that the event of this struggle depends entirely upon the temper and endurance of the people. If they fail or falter, it needs no prophet to predict that every thing is lost. To encourage them in what is right and true, is the obvious and legitimate duty of every educated man. There is work enough for us all, and with hearts strengthened and freshened by these few precious hours together, let us gird on our armor, and each in his own chosen and appropriate sphere labor to bring about a righteous and honorable triumph in the grandest cause for which men ever lifted sword or pen.

The last regular toast of the evening,—"THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD,"—was next announced. Hubert S. Brown, of New York, responded in the following tribute:—

Mr. President and Classmates,—To-day and to-night we have exchanged many welcome greetings; have grasped many hands warm with the heartiness of the old memories; have looked into many familiar faces, curious to read what three years of active life have written there, and have talked much of the old days when this was our home and yonder elms our daily shelter. But joyful as has been this return and these reünions, what man of us is there who has not uttered many vain regrets at the absence of those who are away—some across the plains; some beyond the seas, East and West; some in camps, looking upon hostile armies, and all, we hope, to-night keeping, in heart and spirit, this festival with us. But out of that circle that three years ago planted our ivy against the walls of yonder Library, and sung our last song in College, only three—Davis, Bannan and Pratt—sleep in silent graves to-night; only these three who cannot keep the welcoming feast with us, either here under the inspiration of these old faces, or afar off and in memory. In all the joy and uproar therefore of this re-gathering we will not forget these, our Dead Ones, who are beyond the reach of any reünions, and out of the tenderness of our recollections and in obedience to the behests of a beautiful custom, we have drank a silent toast to their memory, and now propose to pay them the further tribute of a few memorial words.

Frederick Stanton Davis was the first of the Class to die. Of him after he left College we knew nothing only what has been already gathered into the College Obituary. Here is found a terse record,

Digitized by Google

which simply states that after graduation he remained at home at Kingston, Miss., until March, 1862, when he enlisted in the 10th Miss. Volunteers. He fought with Gen. Bragg during his exhausting campaigns, which broke down his health, and, worn out, he was left at Perryville to die, but with wonderful courage and endurance he followed the army for *one hundred and fifty miles*, subsisting for *eight days* on parched corn, and rejoined his regiment. He fought gallantly at Murfreesboro' and in all that series of battles; suffered exhausting attacks of the diseases incident to camp; still clung bravely to the service and finally died in camp, with what rude ministrations, if any, we know not, at historic Chattanooga, about the 15th of April, 1863. This is a terse memorial as far as facts go; but the story, even in its outlines, is thoroughly heroic, and let us be magnanimous enough to honor, even in a rebel soldier, the lofty and dauntless courage that kept him up through that weary march, sick and starving as he was, and that unflinching devotion that made him refuse to leave the service, when he well knew that if he did not fall in battle he must die, sooner or later, a lonelier and sadder death in the camp. "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*" has an especial meaning for us now, and in the presence of the memories that throng about us to-night, we do not feel that we are in any sense called upon to arraign our dead Classmate before this table of joy, as a tribunal of judgment, and hurl upon him accusation and obloquy on account of his treason to the flag we love. We propose to offer ourselves in no lightest sense as a champion, or even apologist, for his error, but only seek to cast over him the mantle of this charity,—that the whole bias of his sympathy and belief were as naturally with the South as ours are with the North; that every tie he had linked his fortunes with theirs, and that the contagious power of Southern enthusiam is beyond all our apprehension. Over this great fault of his, then,—a fault which, however great, he has at least expiated with his life, having given the fullness of sacrifice as he gave the fullness of devotion,—we draw the pall of a protecting silence. We forget to-night the rebel soldier, and remember only the pleasant Classmate.

Prof. Davis, as we used to call him, knew everybody, and we all remember him as a kindly fellow, full of genial, social talk, without an enemy in the Class, and one of the truest of friends. He was pre-eminently a retiring, quiet man, and we little guessed the heroic stuff in him which the terrible ordeal of war was to develop so emphatically. He was brilliant neither as scholar or writer, but none of us but have the pleasantest recollections of him as Classmate and friend; and

Digitized by Google

none, in view of that supreme sacrifice of his, can fail to think pityingly and kindly of our Rebel Classmate, Frederick Stanton Davis.

A year ago in the coming November, at his home in Pottsville, Pa., died the second one of the three—John Newell Bannan. Those of us who remember him in College, have before our minds a small, pale man, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and of shy, retiring ways. His health was very poor the last year he was in College, but we well remember when the news of the war came and a drill club was organized in the Class, with what enthusiasm he took hold of it, and how it seemed to put a fresh vigor in his step. Little we thought then that this mimicry of soldier-life was for him to turn, so soon, into the sternest reality, and that he was to play a brief, heroic scene upon a real field, and then come home just in time to die. Of him, as Classmate and friend, we have the pleasantest memories. He had scarcely any of the elements of the popular man; he was not one of those who could gather about him a little senate and dictate its laws; he did not take position in the Class through force of shining talent, but I dare affirm that no one has left behind them a clearer record for unostentatious manhood. He made few intimate friends, but those who did get behind the barrier of a natural reserve, found one of the truest-hearted men the Class ever knew; and I am especially glad to pay this tribute to one who belonged in so great a measure to the number of the unappreciated.

Such, then, was the quiet man who three years ago shook hands with us on the Green, and in broken voice wished us all the best of luck for the future. Now hear the brief record of his life. He goes home and attempts to recruit his health, but he is restless and nervous, for his heart is all aglow with enthusiasm for the war, and he enlists in a cavalry regiment and goes off happy and hopeful. The exposure is however too great, and he returns sick; but, with noble resolution, in spite of the advice of physicians and the entreaties of friends, he rejoins his regiment, but is again discharged. In the quiet of home he seems to be regaining his health, when news comes of the advance of Lee across the Potomac, on his memorable invasion into Pennsylvania. Broken down in health as he was, this seemed to put a fresh fire in his veins, and simply uttering his heroic *dictum* that he was "ashamed to be seen at home," he enlists in the ranks and fights through this short campaign, like a true soldier. His fortitude, braced up by a firm, conscientious patriotism, sustained him until our troops had won the hard fought field of Gettysburgh, when he again broke down, but refused to leave the service until discharged. These repeated exposures how-

Digitized by Google

ever had seated consumption upon him beyond hope, and, slowly failing, he finally died, at home, surrounded by friends, on the 20th of November, 1863.

How brief the summary of this short life; but how essentially heroic the story. The shy, quiet man, who left college with common plans and ambitions, under the divine inspiration of patriotism had, in one moment, leaped to the full stature of the hero. Gallant Classmate! Upon your quiet grave by the haunts of your childhood we fling this homage. In an hour of supreme peril to your country you remembered only her. You had no weak complaints to make of your own broken health, but, with a dauntless and beautiful courage, you spurned the shield of your weakness, and, forgetting hopes, home and kindred, took up the burden of your duty to your country only to lay it down with your life.

In the heart of Virginia, near Hanovertown, in a spot swept by the victories of two campaigns, is a grave, rudely made by faithful comrades after the storm of battle had overpast, and nameless, but for a rude, wooden headboard, which bears as its most simple *Siste Viator* only the name, age, and regiment of the third of our soldier-classmates, Lieut. James Pepper Pratt. The grave is a fresh one, for nature has hardly had time to deck it with a single wild flower or grass-blade since he was buried here, scarcely two months ago, after a battle-day in which he had borne himself with most signal gallantry. Here was a noble, young life ended suddenly, in the full flood-tide of glory!—a name stricken from the lists of the army, and written in letters of light on the Roll of Honor of our gallant dead, and thus—launched into history.

Let us pause a moment and try and recall who and what manner of man this was we so much honor. Pratt entered the Class Junior year, and being with us only two years of his course, he was only just beginning to form his friendships and be known and appreciated, when we had to separate. Those of us who knew him most intimately, bear uniform testimony not only that he was a man of much more than ordinary ability, for he was a good talker and a graceful yet earnest writer, but also that he was a frank, genial, manly companion. We remember, as if it were yesterday, his ringing, hearty laugh, and the quick, ready humor, that was never at fault for a repartee. He was not noted as a scholar, but since he has played his part so nobly on a field where the graces of an accurate scholarship are of little avail, we have nothing to regret. He parted from us here on the Green three years ago—and I well knew that day was a sad one to him—

Digitized by Google

and went home to Logansport, Ind., where he studied law with his father until October of the same year. He then, for the first time, began to appreciate the magnitude and grandeur of the present struggle, and keenly alive to its issues, he went to Indianapolis and enlisted as a private in the 3d Regulars. For four months he nobly did his duty in the ranks, when the facts of his case coming to the knowledge of the President, he nominated him to the Senate for a commission in the Regular Army, which was immediately confirmed. He spent some months in the East recruiting and doing garrison duty, but this kind of service was distasteful to him, and he joyfully hailed his summons to the field. He fought gallantly in the disastrous battles at Chancellorsville, in the Pennsylvania campaign against Lee, and was twice hit at Gettysburgh. At Mine Run, which he describes as the fiercest conflict in which he was engaged, he narrowly escaped, and for gallantry was promoted to the Adjutancy of his Regiment, the 11th Regulars. He fought through those terrific days of the Wilderness battles and Spottsylvania Court House, with his accustomed spirit, and finally fell near Hanovertown, shot through the heart, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of May.

Of his life as a soldier, we have the testimony of some of his brother officers, who speak tenderly of him, as a comrade-in-arms always kind, manly and courteous, and who bear in common the gallant record, that in the hour of battle none did a soldier's duty more valiantly or fearlessly than he. While in the service, he wrote many graphic accounts for the papers, of battles and campaign life; but even in letters to his friends this modest soldier never spoke of his own share in these contests. To us who knew him well, it is a significant and characteristic fact for us to learn, that when his letters home were infrequent and spiritless, his friends knew, without his telling them, that they were written out of the weariness and idleness of the camp; but when they came frequent and stirring, they knew too well that they had caught their inspiration from the "drums and tramplings" of the march and the battle.

So died the last one of the Trio whose faces we miss at the feast to-night, and in some respects he demands a greener laurel than the rest. We see him on the afternoon of that fateful 29th of May, for one supreme, shining moment,—a gallant figure;—full of the calm valor of a conscious heroism;—his eyes flashing; his face inspired with a fierce glory caught from the storm of battle—and the next—he has fallen, dead—but triumphant. The imperious mandate of death was fulfilled—a noble young heart had, in an instant, ceased

Digitized by Google

beating forever—but how full of the grandest significance had been this brief life; in what a "trailing cloud of glory" had the end come. The call of patriotism had come to him to go and fight in defence of his government; and flinging aside all fugitive and ephemeral considerations, he lifted himself into the grandeur of a life and death that make my best words seem feeble and incomplete.

As this true Classmate, this gallant soldier, this brave heart, died the hero's death, so he was fittingly buried in a hero's grave, wrapped in his blanket, on the field where he fell, hurriedly and probably without tears—for war has no room for tenderness, and soldiers soon learn to be stoics—and there we will leave him to his rest. For him the last march has been made; the last bivouac has been kindled; for the last time he has watched the silent stars by silent fires; the rattling drums have for the last time aroused the weary sleeper from his dreams of home, and now the bugles *have* sung and *are* singing an eternal truce. For his memory we can find no more fitting words than those which Byron wrote of the gallant Marceau,—

> "Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,
> And fitly may the stranger lingering here,
> Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
> For he was Freedom's champion—one of those,
> The few in number, who had not o'erstept
> The charter to chastise which she bestows
> On such as wield her weapons:—He had kept
> The brightness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

One word more, and we have done. Standing here to night and paying this homage, fitting or unfitting to the Memory of our Dead, the significant and central fact that impresses me is, that they all died in the war. True it is that the dying outlook of Bannan was through the windows of his home, upon peaceful autumn fields, but who doubts that he, no less than the gallant Pratt, died a martyr for his country. These, then, are the gifts that we, as a Class, lay upon the sacrificial altar;—these are our dead, honored and noble, that we pass over to the keeping of history.

From this trio of graves, star-lit to-night, there come to us who are gathered here, fresh lessons of the abiding fervor and beauty of sacrifice and devotion in defence of one's country, and a new inspiration of hope that out of the storm and tread of the carnage raging now, the note of victory will be heard, bye and bye. And even while we are scattering memorial garlands upon these fresh graves, and are reading from them these new lessons of patriotism and hope, we seem to see beyond

Digitized by Google

the smoke, and dimly discerned out of the confusion of battle, a glorious vision of nationality and manhood, before which the old historic glories shall be lustrous no longer. It is struggling up; it is unfolding itself; it is coming forth in imperial beauty out of the fire of the conflict, and all the future is giving it joyful salutation. It is the Temple of Liberty redeemed out of dishonor; it is Man lifted from the thraldom of his old despotisms—freed from the badges of an historic shame. By all in memory and hope; by the names we have honored; by the wounds of these two gallant men we welcome to-night; by all the sacrifices that have been and must still be made; by the sorrowing and tears of the baptism now upon us, let us be true to the auspices of this better future.

Dimon followed in a brief tribute to the memory of Samuel B. Spear, and at the conclusion of his remarks, the following song was sung, written by F. E. Kernochan.

OUR ABSENT AND DEAD.

AIR—"*Dearest May.*"

We tread again the well-worn paths we trod three years ago,
And underneath the well-known elms our weary footsteps go;
Our footsteps, weary with the rough and rugged road of life,
Returning, take a little rest and respite from the strife.

Chorus—Then O! Brothers dear!
'Tis well that we are here!
Our hearts are strong,
Our love is long,
Our faith is free from fear!

We miss some faces from our feast, some voices from our song,
Our clasping hands miss other hands whose grasp was warm and strong;
For some we love have wandered far to do their work, and some
Have left their work unfinished, and have gone, before us, home.

Chorus—Then O! Brothers dear!
'Tis well that we are here!
To think of those
Whose weal or woes,
To us are ever near!

Some hands have battled for the wrong, and many for the right;
In hostile armies friendly eyes have looked their last at light!

Digitized by Google

But as forgiving earth folds ALL beneath her common sod,
Our memories hold them as they were; we leave the rest to God!

Chorus—Then O! Brothers dear!
To us in spirit near!
Or wrong or right,
On this glad night,
We're all together here!

Then let us full libations pour to crown our parting prayer,
For all who suffer or who sin,—for all who do or dare;
And let our loving voices swell the chorus full and free:—
"God's blessing on our hundred men, wherever they may be!"

Chorus.—For O! Brothers dear!
'Tis well that we are here!
Our hearts are true
To Brothers who
Are all in spirit here!

Already the rapid advance of morning admonished us to bring our exercise to a close. The usual votes of thanks were passed,—to the President, to the Committee of Arrangements, to Fuller, W. Johnson, and Kernochan, for their efficient services in procuring our highly tasteful "silver cup," and to the Secretary.

In view of the large number prevented from being with us in consequence of imperative duties at the front, it was unanimously voted that the Class meet again in July, 1866, if the prospect of a full attendance should warrant it; otherwise, in July, 1867. The arrangements were left in charge of the present authorities.

The Class then marched over to the College Library, and there, formed about our Ivy, we sang the following song, written for Presentation Day by our deceased Classmate, James P. Pratt.

AIR—"*Happy are we to-night, Boys.*"

Sadly we say, Good-bye, Mother!
Sadly and gladly, too;
With a laugh and with a sigh, Mother,
We say farewell to you.
Yet more as when an Autumn wind
Breathes o'er some great pines,

Digitized by Google

Till their deep summer-sorrowing
Rings out in saddest rhymes.

Chorus—So sing we, Farewell, Mother,
Farewell to thee and thy home;
We will love thee still, Mother,
Wherever we may roam.

Farewell, say the elms, Mother,
Dreamingly nodding on high,
The melody of old songs, Mother,
Musically sobs it by.
For every sight and every sound
Seem gloomily—sad cast,
As voices from an old play-ground
Speak of a happy past.

Chorus—We sing, Farewell, dear Mother,
Farewell to thee and thy home, &c.

At the conclusion of the song, cheer after cheer for the dear old Class rang forth on the morning air, and again we separated; some to return immediately to their busy occupations, others still to linger a little while around the old scenes, and enjoy yet more the pleasure of mutual converse, but all kindled with a new and higher inspiration for the work of life.

Thus ended the first meeting of the Class of '61; the first, we trust, of a long series yet to come. May God preserve us all and bring us together at each recurring season, our love undimmed for Yale and Sixty-One.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD

OF

GRADUATE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

[Unless otherwise stated, the time of entering the Class is to be understood as at the beginning of the course. The place of residence at the time of entering is given in a parenthesis immediately after the name.]

EBENEZER ANDREWS, (Milan, O.,) son of Ebenezer Andrews, of the Class of 1817, was born in Milan, Ohio, July 21st, 1837. He spent the first year after graduation, in the Yale Law School, and then removed to Chicago, Ill., where he has since been extensively engaged in the coal trade. On the 25th of December, 1862, he was married in New Haven, Ct., to Miss Ella A. Blanchard, of that place. His wife died April 10th, 1864. A son was born April 4th, but lived only a few weeks.

JAMES BRUYN ANDREWS, (New York,) was born in New York City, Sept. 22d, 1842. In the Autumn of 1861, he entered Columbia Law School, where he graduated in the Spring of 1863, and was admitted to the New York Bar in the latter part of the same year. During the Winter preceding graduation, besides attendance at the Law School, he was also a student in the Law Office of Weeks & De Forest. He intends to persevere in his profession, and is now practicing at No. 170 Broadway. He regrets to state that he is not yet married, and pleads for a verdict of not guilty, "my present condition of celibacy being nolens volens."

HUBBARD ARNOLD, (Westfield, Mass.,) was born Jan. 5th, 1840, at Westfield, Mass. The first year after graduation was spent in study and travel in Europe. Since December, 1862, he has been engaged in teaching and studying law, most of the time in New Haven, Ct. His future expectations are somewhat "Micawberish."

Digitized by Google

CHARLES WINTERFIELD BALDWIN, (Millersville, Md.,) was born March 23d, 1840, in Anne Arundel Co., Md., and entered College in the Fall of 1859. In November following graduation he began the study of Law in Baltimore, in which he continued until September, 1863, and then engaged in teaching a private class of boys. He was licensed, on the 6th of January, 1864, as a Local Preacher in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and expects to be ordained to the Ministry in due course. He is now studying in Yale Divinity School, and proposes remaining there a year at least.

SIMEON EBEN BALDWIN, (New Haven, Ct.,) was born in New Haven, Feb. 5th, 1840. During the first year after graduation he studied Law at the Yale Law School and in the office of his father, the late Hon. Roger S. Baldwin, in New Haven. After spending one term at Cambridge Law School, in the Fall of 1862, he completed his preparatory studies in New Haven, and was admitted to the Bar Sept. 4th, 1863, and since then has resided in that city, in the practice of his profession.

THERON BALDWIN, Jr., (Orange, N. J.,) was born in Jacksonville, Ill., March 12th, 1837. From August, 1861, to March, 1863, he resided successively in Orange, N. J., New York City, and Brooklyn, and since then has returned to Orange. For fourteen months, beginning with August, 1861, he was in the U. S. Quartermaster's Office in New York, and since Nov., 1862, has been occupied in the Eighth District Office of Internal Revenue, where he now holds the position of Deputy Collector, to which he was appointed March 4th, 1863. He was married, Sept. 27th, 1862, to Mrs. Julia A. Cooley, at Fair Haven, Ct., and has a daughter, Mabel Wilded Baldwin, born Aug. 22d, 1863.

JOHN NEWELL BANNAN, (Pottsville, Pa.,) was the only son of Benjamin Bannan, Esq., of Pottsville, Pa., where he was born on the 25th of August, 1839. He entered the Class the second term, Freshman year. In the last year of the course he contracted a bad cold, which terminated in consumption, from which he never recovered. After graduation, notwithstanding his greatly impaired health, he had a strong desire to enter the service of his country; and at length, when the Anderson Cavalry, Col. Palmer, was recruited to a full regiment, he took an active part in urging young men of education to

Digitized by Google

join it, and finally enlisted in that corps as Corporal, and also to act as Colonel's Clerk. He saw some hard service during Gen. Lee's raid into Maryland, in the Autumn of 1862, and broke down under it. He however would not give up, but finding after a second trial that he could not endure it, he was finally discharged for disability, in March, 1863. When the second raid into Pennsylvania took place, in June, 1863, he joined the ranks again, contrary to the advice of his physician, saying, he was "ashamed to be seen at home in such a crisis." He helped to defend and afterwards burn Columbia Bridge, at Columbia, Pa., and soon broke down again, but remained in the service until his time was out. In August he had a severe attack of pneumonia, continuing to grow worse until the 20th of Nov., 1863, when he expired without a struggle, and sensible to the last, aged twenty-four years, two months and twenty days.

George Buckingham Beecher, (Zanesville, O.,) was born in Zanesville, O., Sept. 7th, 1841. In the Autumn of 1861 he entered Andover Theological Seminary, remaining there until the Spring of 1864, and then preaching as he had opportunity. For the information of those who have not recently been privileged to "counter his nob," we would state that he now sports a beard, in addition to the moustache he flourished while in College.

Samuel Arthur Bent, (New Ipswich, N. H.,) was born July 1st, 1841, in Boston, Mass. He spent the first year after graduation, at home; the second, in the Law Office of H. W. Paine & R. D. Smith, Esqrs., Boston, Mass.; and the third, at the Cambridge Law School, where he will remain until January, 1865.

George Bernard Bonney, (Rochester, Mass.,) was born at Rochester, Mass., March 10th, 1839. After graduating, he studied Law six months in Providence, R. I., and subsequently entered Harvard Law School, where he remained until March, 1863, and then removed to New York and was there admitted to the Bar Dec. 6th, of the same year. During the Summer of 1862, he served for three months, as a private, in the 10th R. I., which left for the seat of war at only a few hours notice, on the occasion of Jackson's raid up the Shenandoah Valley, and the retreat of General Banks. He had some hard marching, but for most of the time was doing garrison duty near Washington. His present intention is to practice in New York.

Digitized by Google

FRANKLIN SEYMOUR BRADLEY, (New Haven, Ct.,) was born in New Haven, May 17th, 1839. Since graduation he has been occupied as a merchant of that city, in the Agricultural and wholesale Wooden Ware business, and during the present year, until September, has also been a member of the firm of Smith & Bradley, dealers in Hardware. On Commencement evening, July 25th, 1861, he was married to Miss Louisa Trowbridge Cannon, youngest daughter of LeGrand Cannon, Esq., at her father's residence in New Haven. They have two children, Henry LeGrand Bradley, born July 16th, 1862, who took the silver cup, and Stephen Munson Bradley, born March 10th, 1864. He expects to remain a merchant, and reside in New Haven.

JAMES HARRY BRENT, (Paris, Ky.,) was born at Paris, Ky., Aug. 11th, 1842, and entered College at the beginning of Sophomore year. After graduation he remained at home, reading Law and Literature, until the Autumn of 1862, since which time he has been in the confederate army. He joined Kirby Smith's command at first, afterwards resigned his position (which is unknown, probably sergeant-major) and enlisted in the ranks under John Morgan. Soon after, he was selected to become a member of an "Elite Corps to be educated for Officers." The latest account informs us that he is a member of Gen. Cleburne's escort in the rebel army in front of Sherman.

HUBERT SANFORD BROWN, (New Hartford, Ct.,) was born March 28th, 1840, in New Hartford, Litchfield Co., Ct. Although purposing a business life on leaving College, circumstances not being favorable for an immediate and satisfactory business connection, he read Law a year, partly in Hartford and partly at home, and then entered Harvard Law School. On the 1st of July, 1863, he became a member of the firm of H. D. Ormsbee & Co., Commission Merchants and Dealers in Hardware, Metals, &c., now at No. 32 Platt st., New York. He hopes to earn a good business reputation, a competence, and to settle down into a home in due time.

MILTON BULKLEY, (Southport, Ct.,) was born July 14th, 1840, at Southport, Ct. After graduation he studied Medicine a year in New York City, and in 1862, during a part of McClellan's Peninsular campaign, was in the service of the Sanitary Commission. He passed a year and a half in a voyage around the Horn and traveling in California for the benefit of his health, and is now engaged in business in San Francisco. He writes, "My health since I have lived in Califor-

Digitized by Google

nia has very much improved, and I shall probably remain here for some time."

GEORGE CHALMERS, (New York,) was born Sept. 4th, 1840, in New York City, and entered the Class at the beginning of Sophomore year. In the Fall of 1861 he began the study of Law at Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the N. Y. Bar in the Spring of 1863, upon diploma from that institution. He is now practicing in New York.

ROBERT LINTON CHAMBERLAIN, (Cleveland, O.,) was born in Cleveland, O., May 13th, 1838. In 1862 he enlisted as a private in the 84th O. V. I., a regiment of three months men, and served out his time, and one month in addition, in Virginia and Maryland. Since that time he has been on the Engineer Corps of the Minnesota Central Railroad.

ALBERT HENRY CHILDS, (Pittsburg, Pa.,) was born in Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 29th, 1839. Since graduation he has resided at home, engaged in Manufacturing. He was married in Hillsboro, O., Oct. 6th, 1864, to Miss Nanny McD. Price.

JAMES GARDNER CLARK, (Fayetteville, N. Y.,) was born in Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Dec. 25th, 1835. The first year after graduation, until Dec. 1862, was spent in New Haven, Ct., studying on the Clark Scholarship. He engaged in teaching at White Plains, N. Y., during the first half of 1863, and in Sept. of the same year entered the Pennsylvania Military Academy at West Chester, as Instructor in Chemistry and Philosophy, and still continues at that place. He was married, Aug. 23d, 1864, to Miss Fanny A., daughter of George W. Goodsell, Esq., of New Haven, Ct.

WILLIAM BARDWELL CLARK, (Granby, Mass.,) was born in Granby, Mass., Jan. 20th, 1838. He resided at home during 1861–62, until July 30th of the latter year, when he enlisted as a private soldier in the 34th Mass. Vols., and served in that regiment as a private and non-commissioned officer, until Jan. 20th, 1864. At this date, after passing an examination before the Board for the selection of officers of colored troops, he received from the War Department a Captain's commission in the 22d Regiment of that division of the service, and is "one of our best officers," as the Surgeon of his regiment inform

Digitized by Google

me. While a member of the 34th Mass., his regiment was stationed in the defense of Washington, engaged in garrison, provost and picket duty. In the latter part of 1863, he was at Harper's Ferry, and participated in the movements necessary to clear that part of Virginia of guerrillas, and in the affair at Ripon, Va., Oct. 18th, 1863. Since his connection with the 22d U. S. Col'd Troops of the 18th Army Corps, he was in the battle at the taking of the heights before Petersburgh, Va., June 15th, 1864, when the regiment lost one hundred and fifty men, and in the various operations of the corps since then. He expects to remain in the army until this cruel war is over, "unless sooner disposed of." He was married, Aug. 7th, 1862, at Granby, Mass., to Miss Eliza T. Smith, of that place.

PETER COLLIER, (Chittenango, N. Y.,) was born in Chittenango, N. Y., Aug. 17th, 1835. Since graduation he has been enthusiastically devoted to the study of Chemistry, in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, and proposes to remain there at least another year. He is also Assistant in Chemistry.

EBENEZER BUCKINGHAM CONVERS, (Zanesville, O.,) was born at Zanesville, O., Sept. 14th, 1840. Since Oct. 1861, he has resided in New York City, engaged in business at No. 17 South street. He is now studying at Columbia College Law School, New York. After finishing the course there, he intends studying a year at the Cambridge School.

WILLIAM COOK, (New York,) was born in New York City, April 3d, 1842. In Nov., 1861, he entered the Analytical Laboratory, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, where he remained the two succeeding academic years, studying Chemistry, and for a few months Sanscrit with Prof. Whitney, and Greek with Prof. Hadley. On the 18th of Nov., 1863, he went before the Examining Board, of which Gen. Casey is President, and received the appointment of Captain, (of the first class,) and was assigned to the 9th Regt. U. S. Col'd Troops, joining his corps on the 2d of Dec. following, stationed at Benedict, Charles Co., Md., in a Brigade under Gen. Wm. Birney. March 2d, 1864, the regiment proceeded to Hilton Head, S. C. He writes,—"With the exception of two unsuccessful expeditions, one up the Ashapoo River to cut the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and the other directed against Charleston via John's Island, we have been quietly vegetating under this Southern sun." In Aug. last he accompanied his regiment to the seat of war before Richmond, and became

Digitized by Google

connected with the Tenth Army Corps. In Sept. last he was taken prisoner, while endeavoring in the night to reach the picket line. Unknown to him it had been removed, and while searching in the darkness, he fell into the hands of the rebels, and has since resided in Libby Prison. He hopes to return to his studies at the close of his term of service, or when peace is established.

JOHN ALFRED DAVENPORT, (Annapolis, Md.,) was born Feb. 7th, 1840, at Francistown, N. H. After graduation he resided at Annapolis until Dec., 1861, when he reported for duty at the U. S. Naval Academy, as Assistant Librarian and Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics. In Oct., 1863, he received the appointment of Assistant Professor of Mathematics, which position he now holds. His future expectations at present are "veiled in a thick Newport fog."

FREDERICK STANTON DAVIS, (Kingston, Miss.,) son of Thomas T. Davis, was born in Kingston, Miss., July 24th, 1839. After leaving College he resided at home, till March, 1862, when he enlisted in the "Natchez Southrons," (10th Miss. Regt.,) and joined Bragg's army. The hardships of his military life he endured with great fortitude. After the battle of Perryville, Ky., he was left exhausted, to die, but recovered sufficiently to march one hundred and fifty miles and rejoin his regiment, subsisting for eight days on parched corn. He took part in the battle of Murfreesboro, and in many subsequent engagements. He suffered from repeated attacks of illness, but persisted in adhering to the service on which he had entered, till he died of pneumonia, on or about April 15, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., or, according to another account, at Iuka, Miss. His remains were taken home for burial.

MOULTON DEFOREST, (Madison, Wis.,) was born in New York City, April 7th, 1839, and became a member of the Class at the beginning of Sophomore year. He enlisted, Nov. 23d, 1861, in the 18th Regt. Wis. Vols., and was for some time Quartermaster Sergeant. Subsequently, in May, 1863, he voluntarily relinquished this post, for the purpose of rejoining his company, and soon became first Sergeant, and on the 17th of Sept. 1863, was appointed 1st Lieutenant. For a time he acted as Regimental Adjutant, and was then detailed on the Staff of the Division General, as Assistant to the Mustering Officer. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, and in Grant's brilliant campaign at Jackson, Miss., Champion Hills, Siege of Vicksburg, en-

Digitized by Google

tering the city July 4th, with his regiment, and the second battle of Chattanooga, in the charge on Mission Ridge. His regiment is now with Sherman, in the Army of the Tennessee. To all he sends a Classmate's greeting, and writes, "I should dearly like to see you all, but this war is engaging my attention now."

GEORGE DELP, (Doylestown, Pa.,) was born in Doylestown, Pa., Oct. 20th, 1832. The three years following graduation, he has taught School in Norristown, Pa., at first in a Boys' Seminary, and during the past year as Principal of the Norristown High School. He has read some Law, and proposes in due time to be admitted to the Bar. Every Pennsylvanian is supposed by this time to have had an extensive military experience. On this point Delp remarks, "Excepting the scare I helped to get up against the rebels, before the battle of Antietam, I have done very little as a soldier." At that time he went down with the militia.

FRANKLIN BOWDITCH DEXTER, (Fair Haven, Mass.,) was born Sept. 11th, 1842, in Fair Haven, Mass. Since graduation he has resided in New Haven, Ct., as teacher of Greek in the Collegiate and Commercial Institute, for the two years ending July, 1863. During the remainder of the year he was Assistant in Yale College Library, and Instructor in the Sheffield Scientific School. In Jan. 1864, he was appointed Tutor in Yale College, in Freshman Mathematics. He expects to teach one or two years longer.

HENRY REES DURFEE, (Palmyra, N. Y.,) was born Oct. 5th, 1840, in Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y. He became a member of the Class near the beginning of Sophomore year. In the Autumn of 1861 he entered the Law Office of Judge T. R. Strong, at Rochester, N. Y., remaining there a year; after which he connected himself with the Albany Law School, where he received the degree of LL. B., in Dec., 1863. He was immediately admitted to the Bar, at the December term of the Supreme Court at Albany. During the year just past, he has been at home in Palmyra.

DAVID WILLIAM EAVES, (Social Hill, Ky.,) was born at Social Hill, Ky., July 18th, 1838, and entered the Class at the beginning of Junior year. He went to Europe about six months after graduation, and has been studying in Germany, living over again his College days at Berlin, Jena and Heidelberg. From those ancient halls he sends "a

Digitized by Google

greeting, warm from the heart, to one and all the Class." At the University of Heidelberg he received, in Aug., 1864, the degree of Doctor utriusque juris. He returned home early in Oct. last.

CLARENCE EDDY, (Waterford, N. Y.,) was born at Waterford, N.Y., Nov. 17th, 1839. After graduation he spent one year in the Yale Theological Seminary, and the second and third at the Seminary at Princeton, N. J. He was licensed to preach the Gospel, in Feb. 1864, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J., and expects to settle, for the present at least, and with the probability of permanence, at Cornwall, Orange Co., N. Y. He was married, May 4th, 1864, to Miss Jennie Scott, of Waterford, N. Y.

WILLIAM COUCH EGLESTON, (New York,) was born in New York City, June 30th, 1839, and entered the Class in Nov. of the first term Junior year. After the battle of Bull Run, he joined the army as 1st Lieut. in the 43d N. Y. V., and remained in the service until Dec. following. From that date, until May 1863, he was in business in New York, afterwards formed a partnership, as a Commission Merchant, at Chicago, Ill., but returned to New York at the end of the year; since which time he has been in the Stock Commission business, and purposes continuing the same. He married Miss Ella L. Bates, Jan. 8th, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., and has a daughter, Louisa Egleston, born Nov. 17th, 1863.

WILLIAM CLEVELAND FAXON, (Stonington, Ct.,) was born in Stonington, Ct., Jan. 3d, 1841. After graduation he resided at home until April 17th, 1862, reading Law, teaching, and then recruiting for the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, in which regiment he was commissioned 2d Lieut., dating from March 1st, 1862, and on the 20th of April joined his corps at Yorktown, Va. He took part in the siege of that place, and in the battle of Hanover Court House. About the 20th of June he was taken sick with "Chickahominy fever," and was left in hospital near Gaines' Mills, Va., when the famous retreat of the army took place, in consequence of which he was taken prisoner, June 27th. As soon as he became well enough to travel, he marched to Richmond, and spent a month in the prisons, part of the time in the famous Libby. To quote his own words, "I cannot say that my recollections of Richmond are among the most pleasant I have." He was promoted to be 1st Lieut. Aug. 27th, 1863, and is now Ordnance Officer of Siege Artillery, Gen. Butler's Department, and Assistant Ordnance

Digitized by Google

Officer of the Siege Train of the Army against Richmond. His regiment has had charge of all the heavy artillery in the line extending from Petersburg to Bermuda Hundred, and is regarded as one of the finest regiments in the service. He expects to share its fortunes until the war is ended.

ROBERT HUGHES FITZHUGH, (Oswego, N. Y.,) was born in Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 17th, 1840. Since the Autumn of 1861 he has served with the Army of the Potomac, and is now in the Artillery Brigade of the 5th Army Corps. He entered the service with the rank of 1st Lieut. in the 1st N. Y. Light Artillery, and was successively promoted to be Captain, Nov. 24th, 1862, and to be Major, Sept. 17th, 1863. He has participated in all the varied history of the Army of the Potomac, including the first campaign against Richmond, to the present time.

JOSEPH NELSON FLINT, (Canaseraga, N. Y.,) was born in South Dansville, Steuben Co., N. Y., June 16th, 1838. After graduation he taught Mathematics one year in Kingston Academy, N. Y., and then entered the army as a private in the 130th N. Y. Vol. Infantry. He was promoted in the same year to be Sergeant and Sergeant-Major, and received a commission as 2d Lieut. March 1st, 1863. In the Spring of that year he participated in the battle of the Deserted House and Siege of Suffolk, Va., and in July following the regiment was ordered to the Army of the Potomac, and since that time has shared its fortunes. In Aug., 1863, the regiment was mounted, and is now known as the 1st N. Y. Dragoons. After passing through twenty cavalry fights during the present campaign, he is still at them under Gen. Sheriden.

SAMUEL HANNA FRISBEE, (Kinderhook, N. Y.,) was born July 19th, 1840, at Kinderhook, N. Y. After graduation he studied Law a year and a half, in the office of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel, in New York City. He then concluded to enter the Catholic Priesthood, and with the view of studying for this purpose, became a member of a Roman Catholic College in Canada, and is believed to be still there.

MILTON FROST, (Croton, N. Y.,) was born July 26th, 1840, at Croton, N. Y. From the Autumn of 1861 to May 1862, he studied Law in New York City, and has since resided in Peekskill, N. Y. He now holds the office of Assistant Assessor of U. S. Internal Revenue, to

Digitized by Google

which he was appointed April 17th, 1863. He was admitted to the Practice of Law, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 11th, 1864. He was married on the 20th of July, 1864, at Peekskill, to Miss Wells, daughter of Albert Wells, Esq.

WILLIAM HENRY FULLER, (Barryville, N. Y.,) was born Nov. 6th, 1836, at Barryville, N. Y. Since graduation he has resided in New York City, studying Law, until May 1863, in Columbia Law School, at which date he received the degree of LL. B. from that Institution. He has since been practicing, and has an office at No. 7 Pine street, New York City.

WALTER HANFORD, (New York City,) was born in New York, Dec. 1st, 1840. For fifteen months after graduation he studied Law in that city, but trouble with his eyes compelled him to give up all thoughts of following that profession, and since then he has occupied himself as a book-keeper.

AMASA FRANKLIN HARADON, (Thompson, Ct.,) was born in Webster, Mass., Sept. 14th, 1837, and entered the Class at the beginning of Junior year. Soon after graduation he commenced reading Law in the office of Hon. T. A. Jenckes, Providence, R. I., remaining there until Feb. 1862, when he was appointed Acting Master's Mate U. S. Navy. For five months he served upon the Frigate Sabine, nearly the whole time in port. Being desirous of more active service, he applied for detachment from the Sabine, and was assigned to the new Sloop-of-War Adirondack, which sailed from New York with sealed orders, July 17th, 1862. Captured the schooner Emma, July 23d, and two days later chased the steamer Herald (commanded by the notorious blockade runner Capt Coxsetter) almost into Nassau, firing away her English colors, &c., for which Mr. Seward has sent across the Atlantic several apologetic sheets of foolscap. His vessel soon sailed for Port Royal, S. C., where the Admiral invested it with a roving commission. After three days of roving, the Adirondack was found one morning hard and fast upon Man of-War Reef, Bahama Group, and proved a total loss. The Canandaigua rescued the crew and carried them into Port Royal. Oct. 29th, 1862, he was assigned to the gunboat Commodore Hull, and performed picket duty in the James River for several weeks, and then accompanied his vessel to Little Washington, N. C., where it was to perform the duties of guardship. Nothing occurred until April, 1863, when the town was besieged by fifteen

Digitized by Google

thousand rebels under Gen. A. P. Hill. Haradon's vessel was then ordered down the Tar River, for the purpose of commanding a neighboring eminence with its guns. During the night the rebels erected heavy batteries, which completely raked his decks. He gives the following account of the fight which ensued:—"At quarter of 6, A. M., the rebels opened upon us from two heavy batteries, distant about half a mile. We fought them till 4 P. M., when our ammunition was exhausted and we attempted to haul off, but the tide being at lowest ebb our vessel was found to be immoveably aground. They continued firing upon us until sundown. We succeeded in keeping the colors flying, and at 10 P. M. kedged the vessel up into town. During the day the Hull was struck one hundred and three times. At 11 A. M. the three guns under my charge were disabled and most of their crews wounded. The rebs. treated me more kindly, merely shooting one button from my vest, clipping fragments from my cap and coat, and a piece from one finger." The siege continued seventeen days. Seeing no further prospect of a brush with the enemy, he at length resigned his position, and taught school in Plainfield, Ct., from Aug. 1863, to April 1864, and then resumed the study of Law in Worcester, Mass., where he now is in the office of Hon. W. W. Rice.

James Lanman Harmar, (Philadelphia, Pa.,) was born in Chester County, Pa., May 20th, 1841. After graduation he removed to Philadelphia, and in Nov., 1861, entered the Law Office of Charles E. Lex, Esq., City Solicitor, where he became a registered student, May 21st, 1862. He was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in May, 1864, and intends to practice his profession in that City with his brother, Josiah W. Harmar, Esq., at No. 708 Walnut st.

Alfred Hemenway, (Hopkinton, Mass.,) was born on the 17th of Aug. 1839, in Hopkinton, Mass. Here he remained the first year after graduation, studying in a Law Office. The second year was spent at the Cambridge Law School, and on the 13th of July, 1863, he was admitted to the Bar in Boston, where he has been practicing since October of the same year. His office is at No. 5 Court Square, "where any member of '61 will be ever welcome."

William Henry Higbee, (Trenton, N. J.,) was born in Philadelphia, Pa, Nov. 3d, 1839. He became a member of the Class at the beginning of Sophomore year. In the Fall of 1861 he began the study of Law, but in January following entered the Navy as Acting As-

Digitized by Google

sistant Paymaster. He was attached to the U. S. Gunboat Octorora, which belonged to the North Atlantic Squadron, about six months, a similar period to the West Gulf Squadron, and one year to the fleet cruising in the West Indies. Many prizes were captured, and report says Higbee realized a good thing. He was present in many stirring scenes of recent naval history at Vicksburg, Hampton Roads when the Merrimac appeared, at fights off Grant's Pass, Forts Powell, Morgan, &c. He resigned his commission in April 1864, and expects to engage in business as a broker.

ANTHONY HIGGINS, (St. George's, Del.,) was born Oct. 1st, 1840, at St. George's, Del., and entered the Class at the beginning of Sophomore year. Since graduation he has been studying Law in New Castle, Del., and at Cambridge, Mass. He was admitted to the Bar of his native State, May 9th, 1864, at New Castle, and has opened an office in Wilmington. In July, 1864, in view of the rebel raid then threatening Maryland and Pennsylvania, he volunteered for thirty days in the 7th Del. He has recently formed a partnership with a prominent Lawyer of Delaware, and is Assistant Attorney to the Attorney-General for the District of Wilmington.

CHARLES BORLAND HILL, (Montgomery, N. Y.,) was born at Montgomery, N. Y., May 16th, 1836. Immediately after graduation he commenced the study of Law in New York, and in due time was admitted to the Bar. During the past year he has been Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City, and is still holding that position.

JAMES NEVINS HYDE, (New Rochelle, N. Y.,) was born in Norwich, Ct., June 21st, 1840. In the Autumn of 1861 he entered upon the study of Medicine with Dr. Wm. H. Draper, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. During the Summer campaign of 1862, he aided in the transfer of the sick and wounded from McClellan's army to Northern ports, and in taking care of the wounded in the battles of Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, where he performed his first surgical operations. In the following Autumn, in response to a telegram from the Surgeon-General, he was selected, with nine other Medical Students, for duty in the Washington Hospitals, where he spent ten months performing the duties of Assistant Surgeon. He entered upon his hospital work with great enthusiasm, continuing his studies meanwhile, in connection with the practice of Medicine, Mili-

Digitized by Google

tary Surgery, Pathological Anatomy, and performing several autopsies daily. July 14th, 1863, he passed examination before the Washington Board for admission into the Corps of Acting Assist. Surgeons of Volunteers, and was recommended to the Examining Board for the regular service. Meanwhile he was ordered to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and after service on several vessels, was placed in charge of the Naval Hospital at Newbern, N. C. In Oct., 1863, he entered the Regular Navy as Assistant Surgeon, standing second in the examination among thirty candidates, His commission from the President, dated Oct. 26th, was confirmed by the Senate in Feb. of the present year. He immediately went on duty at the Washington Navy Yard, remaining there five months, and has been connected until recently with the East Gulf Blockading Squadron, on the flag ship San Jacinto. He will probably remain in the service for life. His vessel has lately come North.

Brayton Ives, (New Haven, Ct.,) was born Aug. 23d, 1840, in Farmington, Ct. In June, 1861, he entered the army as Adjutant of the 5th Conn. Vols., was promoted to be Captain in Sept. following, and appointed Asst. Adj. Gen. with the rank of Capt. on the Staff of Brig. Gen. Ferry, in April, 1862. He served in this capacity until July, 1863, when he was commissioned Lieut. Colonel of his old regiment, the 5th. But his health was such as to render it impossible for him to keep the field. Accordingly he resigned, and in Oct., 1863 entered the Yale Law School, and passed the next few months in quiet devotion to Blackstone and Chitty. In Feb. 1864 he was commissioned Major of the 1st Conn Cavalry, and in June following was promoted to be Lieut. Colonel, with rank from the 27th of May. During a part of the Summer he has been in command of his regiment. Since the beginning of the war he has served under Banks, Shields and McDowell in the Shenandoah Valley, under McClellan, Dix and Foster in the Department of Fortress Monroe, with Hunter and Gillmore in South Carolina, and Lockwood in Maryland, and is now in Wilson's Division of Sheridan's Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac. He has participated in the exhausting service of that Corps, during Grant's Campaign of 1864, and in Sheriden's movements in the Shenandoah Valley. Under date of July 11th, he writes, "We are just in from the most daring, effective and laborious raid of the war, and unless rumor is incorrect, to-morrow night we start again for a week in the saddle. As to 'expectations,' they never run farther into the future than twenty-four hours. If I see a fair prospect for three meals ahead, with

Digitized by Google

enough for my horses to eat also, I am content." After expressing his great regret at being unable to be present at Triennial, he writes, "If I cannot shake hands again with the true men of '61, assure them for me that I do not forget them, and that my Class-spirit is as fresh and strong as when we parted under the old trees of the College Green."

WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON, (New York,) was born Oct. 10th, 1839, in New York City. The first year after graduation he studied Law in Columbia College Law School, and then went into business with his father, of the firm of Johnson & Lazarus, sugar refiners and rum distillers, No. 110 Front street, New York.

HENRY NORTON JOHNSON, (West Meriden, Ct.,) was born in Meriden, Ct., June 11th, 1831, and joined the Class at the beginning of Junior year. Since graduation he has been studying Theology at the Yale Divinity School. He has been appointed to the Rectorship of the New Haven Hopkins Grammar School, and entered upon the duties of that position the present Autumn.

FREDERICK ROWLAND JONES, (Fairfield, Ct.,) was born Sept. 19th, 1839, in Fairfield, Ct. After graduation he traveled a year in Canada, and has since been engaged in business at the New York Flour Mills. The manufacturing business will probably be his occupation for life.

WALTER FRANKLIN JONES, (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,) was born at Fort Neck, Long Island, Feb. 16th, 1841. In the Fall of 1861 he entered the army as Lieutenant in the 61st N. Y., and remained in the service ten or eleven months, and was then compelled to resign in consequence of a severe and protracted attack of typhoid fever. Since his return from the war he has resided in New York City, studying Law, and at home in Poughkeepsie. He is now continuing his Law studies in New York.

FRANCIS EDWARD KERNOCHAN, (New York,) was born Dec. 12th, 1840, in the City of New York. From Oct., 1861, to May, 1863, he was a student in Columbia College Law School, graduating in the latter month with the degree of LL.B., receiving also a prize of one hundred dollars for an Essay and Examination in Municipal Law. In Nov., 1863, he was appointed Notary Public, and reappointed in Jan., 1864. Meanwhile he entered the Office of A. R. Lawrence, Esq., Attorney and Counselor at Law, and remained there reading Law and

Digitized by Google

learning practice until Jan., 1864, when he became connected with the Office of the Counsel to the Corporation of New York City, No. 82 Nassau St. In a few months he intends to take an Office for himself.

JOHN CODDINGTON KINNEY, (Darien, Ct.,) was born Feb. 21st, 1839, in Nassau, N. Y. For a short time after graduation he studied at Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., but in Dec., 1861, enlisted as a private in the 13th Regt. Conn. Vols. He was soon promoted to be 1st Sergt., and Sept. 1st, 1862, to be 2nd Lieut., then to be 1st Lieut. Jan. 1st, 1864. He accompanied his regiment to the Department of the Gulf under Gen. Butler, and remained in New Orleans during the Summer of 1862. In the Autumn he took part in Gen. Weitzel's campaign down the Lafourche, then under Banks at Baton Rouge, through the Teche campaign, where he was slightly wounded, siege of Port Hudson, retaking of Brashear City, and Banks' Expedition up Red River, in the Spring of 1864. He has participated in six battles, Georgia Landing, Irish Bend, battle before Port Hudson, where he volunteered in the storming column under Col. Birge, Donaldsonville and Cane River. He was for a time Acting Adjutant of the 13th, and since the 1st of May last has been Acting Signal Officer. He expects to see this war through, and to this end has reenlisted. During the entrance of Admiral Farragut's fleet into Mobile Bay, on the 5th of Aug., 1864, and through the whole fight which ensued, he was Signal Officer on the flag ship Hartford, and sat on the cross trees of the fore-top-mast above Admiral Farragut. During the action the mast just beneath him was twice struck by one hundred and twenty pound balls.

HARVEY SHELDON KITCHEL, (Detroit, Mich.,) was born at Plymouth Hollow, Ct., Aug. 12th, 1839. Since graduation he has resided at Williamsport, Pa., for two years as Superintendent's Clerk of the Catawissa R. R. Co. At present he is in the Engineering Department of the Pennsylvania Northern Central Railway Co.

SAMUEL HINCKLEY LYMAN, (Cleveland, O.,) was born at Cleveland, O., in 1839, and entered the Class at the beginning of Junior year. After graduation he became connected with the U. S. Coast Survey under Prof. Bache, and continued in this relation until within a few months. In performing the duties of his position he has spent considerable time in New England, Virginia and the Department of the Gulf. Since August, 1864, he has been studying Law in Cleveland.

Digitized by Google

ISAAC SLAYTON LYON, (East Brookfield, Mass.,) was born Jan. 31st, 1837, in East Brookfield, Worcester Co., Mass. Since leaving College he has resided in the "Field," having entered the military service as a private in the 11th Conn. Vols. Sept. 29th, 1861. In Jan., 1862, he was promoted to a Second Lieutenantcy and immediately detached from his regiment for duty on the Signal Corps. He served in this capacity until March 3d, 1863, when by a Board instituted to examine candidates for the Signal Corps of the Regular Army, he was appointed 1st Lieut., which was subsequently confirmed by the U. S. Senate. The theatre of his service has been in North Carolina under Burnside, in the Shenandoah Valley, along the Potomac, and since June 13th, 1863, with the Army of the Potomac. In the performance of his duties as Signal Officer he has been in several engagements in North Carolina, the second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and in the movements of the Army of the Potomac since his permanent connection with it.

OLIVER M'CLINTOCK, (Pittsburg, Pa.,) was born in Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 20th, 1839. On graduation he immediately went into business as a carpet dealer, first in partnership with his father, and then on his own account. We understand that he is doing an extensive business. During the rebel raid of 1862 into Pennsylvania, he was present with the militia at Antietam.

EDWARD PASCAL MCKINNEY, (Binghamton, N. Y.,) was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., Feb. 23d, 1838. He joined the army Oct. 15th, 1861, as a member of the 6th N. Y. Cavalry, (Ira Harris,) with the rank of 2nd Lieut. Since that time he has followed the fortunes of the Cavalry in the Army of the Potomac, participating in nearly all the battles, raids, &c., in which that arm of the service has taken a part. In Oct., 1862, he was promoted to be 1st Lieut. For some time he acted as Brigade Commissary of Subsistence, and on the 18th of May, 1864, he was commissioned by the President Captain and Commissary of Subsistence. While on a brief furlough in the Winter of 1864 he visited New Haven, looking hale and hearty, as all connected with his important department of duty are expected to be.

Early in August last, he was surprised near Winchester, Va., by a small party of guerrillas under command of the notorious Moseby. Though alone and armed with a sabre only, he defended himself as best he could, but was at length wounded just above the knee and fell fainting from the loss of blood. After taking his watch and money, the guerrillas left him for dead, but he was finally found by a party of

Digitized by Google

his own men in search of him and was sent home. He has recovered and recently returned to his duties in the field.

JAMES WOODS MCLANE, (Brooklyn, L. I.,) was born in New York City, Aug. 19th, 1839. Since graduation he has resided in New York City, studying Medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he received the degree of M. D., March 17th, 1864. He was valedictorian of his Class, and received the "Harsen Medal," and a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars for Reports of Clinical Instruction given at the New York Hospital during the Summer of 1863. In March last he was appointed Physician at this Hospital. During the larger part of McClellan's Peninsula campaign he was present with the army as Acting Assistant Surgeon.

JOHN ELLIS MARSHALL, (Buffalo, N. Y.,) was born Aug. 5th, 1839, in Buffalo, N. Y. In Sept., 1861, he entered the army as 2nd Lieut. 11th N. Y. V. (Fire Zouaves), and upon reaching Washington was detailed as Aid-de-Camp on the Staff of Brig. Gen. Barry, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac. In this position he served through the eventful Peninsula campaign of 1862, and remained with Gen. Barry when, after the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, that officer was appointed Inspector of Artillery of the Armies of the United States, and stationed in Washington. In the Fall of 1862 he was promoted to be 1st Lieut., and transferred to the 2nd N. Y. Artillery. In March, 1863, he was appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, as Asst. Adjt. Gen. of Vols., with the rank of Captain, and was assigned to duty as Adjt. Gen. of the Artillery Bureau in Washington. When active operations began, in the Spring of 1864, being desirous of Field service in preference to office duty, he was at his own request relieved from this position and ordered West to report to Gen. Sherman. Here he was assigned to duty as Adjt. Gen. of the Artillery Headquarters, Military Division of the Mississippi, and on the 28th of April, 1864, took the field with Gen. Sherman, and has remained with him thus far in his brilliant campaign. On several occasions he has been honorably mentioned in the official Reports of Gens. Barry and Barnard.

CHARLES GRISWOLD GURLEY MERRILL, (Newburyport, Mass.,) was born July 27th, 1836, at Newburyport, Mass., and entered the Class the last term Freshman year. The year following graduation was spent in New Haven, studying Medicine. He then went to Nashville, Tenn., and performed duty as Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., to

Digitized by Google

which position he was formally appointed, at Philadelphia, January 21st, 1863, after graduating with the degree of M. D. at the Yale Medical School, Jan. 15th. December 23d of the same year he was appointed, by the Secretary of War, Surgeon of the 22d Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, now in the 18th Army Corps of Grant's Army. His Regiment participated in the battles before Petersburg, of the 15th and 20th of June last, losing in the former one hundred and fifty men, and has continued to take part in the movements of the 18th Corps. He expects to remain in the service.

NATHAN TIBBALS MERWIN, (Milford, Ct.,) was born at Milford, Ct., June 8th, 1836. The present year he completed his three years course of Theological study at the Yale Divinity School. He was licensed to preach May 26th, 1863, by the Fairfield East Association at Stratford, Ct. He was married, Nov. 1st, 1864, to Mattie L. Parsons, daughter of Samuel Parsons, Esq., of Milford, Ct. He has been engaged to supply the Congregational pulpit at Trumbull, Ct., for the ensuing six months.

JOHN MITCHELL, (Port Tobacco, Md.,) was born the 25th of June, 1842, at Linden, Md. In regard to his whereabouts since graduation, he writes as follows:—"My residence for the first two years was rather unsettled, sometimes at my home, sometimes in Baltimore, and at other times in the "Old Capitol." Occupation ditto, studying Law, abusing fate, and eating boiled mule. The last year I have spent in the quiet old town of Heidelberg, attending lectures on Law and studying German. My future expectations, like those of most young Americans, are rather dim. I will close by wishing to every member of dear old '61 all the happiness which this world can give. Though circumstances prevent me from being with you on the 27th of July, I shall nevertheless keep it as a "jour de fête," and sing by myself those words of our Parting Ode,—

"Yet while the tide of life shall glide,
And till its course be done,
My heart shall find its love enshrined
For Yale and Sixty One."

NATHANIEL SCHUYLER MOORE, (Brooklyn, L. I.,) was born in New York City, Feb. 16th, 1839. The year immediately following graduation was spent mostly at Aquebogue, L. I., attempting to carry out a plan of historical reading, but as he writes, his "attention became

Digitized by Google

much distracted by cares and solicitude of another character." In Sept., 1862, he went to Andover and studied a year in the Theological Seminary, and then attended Lectures at the Union Seminary of New York City. The "joyous consummation" of "cares and solicitude" took place at Upper Aquebogue, June 22d, 1864, when he was married to Miss Mary M. Young, of that town, and his "future expectations," he assures us, "are of the happiest description." He is now studying in New York.

LEONARD FISK MORSE, (West Needham, Mass.,) was born Feb. 9th, 1840, at West Needham, now called Wellesley, Mass. He joined the Class at the beginning of Junior year. In the Winter of 1861–62, he taught school in Wellesley, and then studied Law in Boston until July, 1863. Afterwards he entered a wholesale store in that City, continuing there until March, 1864, since which time he has been in business in New Haven, Conn.

STANFORD NEWEL, (St. Anthony, Minnesota,) was born June 7th, 1839, in Providence, R. I., where he resided until the Spring of 1855, when his family removed to Minnesota and settled at St. Anthony Falls. Here he spent the first year after leaving College, in general reading and then entered Harvard Law School, where he graduated in Jan., 1864, receiving the degree of LL. B. He immediately returned home, and has since been in H. R. Bigelow's Office, at St. Paul, and was admitted to the Bar in July last. He expects to practice in Minnesota, and "keep bachelor's hall, where all Sixty-One Men will be welcome." In announcing his inability to be present at Triennial, he writes, "I wish I could send a sentiment worthy of old '61; my heart is willing enough, and full enough of the warmest feeling for every man in it; but I can't, as is the case when one feels strongly, put it into words. God bless the dear old Class. They used to say of her, that she had a bright head and a long tail; they forgot to say she had a big soul and a warm heart. Ask McKinney if it isn't so. Earnestly hoping that the old memories will keep you all awake till sunrise, with my love to the Class boy, believe me always the same,

STANFORD NEWEL."

He has recently set up for himself, at No. 98 Third St., St. Paul, Minn.

Digitized by Google

DAVID JUDSON OGDEN, (New Haven, Conn.,) was born Dec. 24th, 1837, at Whitesboro, N. Y. He became a member of the Class at the beginning of Senior year, having spent the previous three with '60. For nearly two years after graduation he was connected with Yale Theological Seminary, but since June, 1863, he has been almost entirely incapacitated for study in consequence of extremely weak eyes.

CHARLES POMERY OTIS, (Rye, N. H.,) was born in Lebanon, Conn., April 8th, 1840. After graduation he was for nearly a year Preceptor of the Fairfield Academy, and has since been connected with the Collegiate and Commercial Institute in New Haven, as instructor in Latin. He has been elected Tutor in Yale College, and will enter upon his duties the ensuing Winter term.

WEBSTER PARK, (Preston, Conn.,) was born in Preston, Conn., May 31st, 1837. In the Autumn of 1861 he began the study of Law in Norwich, Conn., and was admitted to the Bar in that place, April 17th, 1863. He was married Nov. 26th of the same year, at Groton, Conn., to Miss Ellen J. Rathbun. He is very pleasantly located in Norwich.

WILLIAM EDWARDS PARK, (Andover, Mass.,) was born in Andover, Mass., July 1st, 1837. After a partial course in the Class of '60, he entered '61 the third term Junior year. The first year after graduation he studied at home, spending four months however in teaching the Freedmen at Port Royal, S. C. He then engaged in teaching in New York City, and during the past year has been studying Theology at Andover, and spent a short time at Nashville, Tenn. as a Delegate of the Christian Commission.

EDWARD PHILLIPS PAYSON, (Fayetteville, N. Y.,) was born at Fayetteville, N. Y., in March, 1840. After leaving College he entered Union Theological Seminary, New York, and completed the course early in 1864. In March of that year he was ordained as Chaplain of the 146th N. Y. V. and immediately joined his regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and is still with it. In 1863 he spent several months instructing Freedmen near Washington.

JOHN BARNARD PEARSE, (Philadelphia, Pa.,) was born in Philadelphia, April 19th, 1842. From 1861 to 1863, he studied Chemistry in that city, and then accepted a position in the U. S. A. Labratory, where he is busily preparing articles for the use of the Army. His address

Digitized by Google

is 1439 Walnut street, "where any friends in the old Class will find him, 'as large as life and four times as natural,' and always glad to see them."

TRACY PECK, (Bristol, Ct.,) was born in Bristol, Ct., May 24th, 1838. Soon after graduation he went to Europe, and remained there nearly two years and eight months, occupying himself chiefly with the study of Classical Philology. During the first eighteen months, he was in Germany, attending lectures at the Universities of Berlin, Jena and Bonn. Aside from brief intervals of travel in Switzerland and England, he was nearly a year in France and Italy, seeing the sights and studying the languages of those countries. Our Classmates Arnold and Eaves were with him in the early part of his European life. He intends to teach the Latin Language and Literature "for a term of years, and, indeed, for life, if after fair trial, that profession should seem to be his calling." He has been appointed Tutor in Yale College, and entered upon his duties in September of the present year.

GEORGE AUSTIN PELTON, (Great Barrington, Mass.,) was born at Stockbridge, Mass., April 15th, 1833. He remained in New Haven the first year after graduation, studying Theology in the Yale Seminary, and then went to Andover, Mass., completing his course there in July, 1864. He was licensed to preach by the Essex South Association, at Salem, Mass., Feb. 2d, 1864. On the 27th of April following, he was married, in New Haven, Ct., to Miss Sarah C., daughter of Seth W. and Catherine P. Brownson. He has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit at Franklin, Mass., for some months to come.

GEORGE CLAP PERKINS, (Hartford, Ct.,) was born in Hartford, Ct., August 8th, 1839. He has resided in Hartford most of the time since leaving College, spending the first year in the study of Law. In September, 1862, he entered the Banking Office of Geo. P. Bissell & Co., where he still continues.

JAMES PEPPER PRATT, (Logansport, Ind.,) was killed May 29th, 1864, at the battle of Hanovertown, on the Pamunkey River, Va. In place of any biographical sketch of my own, I venture to insert a notice of his career, which appeared in a newspaper of Logansport, his native town:—

Digitized by Google

"Lieut. Pratt was born in this city, Oct. 9th, 1841, and was just entering the latter stages of his 23d year, when he fell. His boyhood was mainly spent here, under his father's roof, where he was universally beloved for his frank, open-hearted manners, delicate humor, and fine sense of honor. In personal appearance, as well as in habits of speech and thought, he was the image of his lamented mother, now two years dead, and whose memory is fresh in a hundred hearts. Blessed with ample means and indulgent parents, he had made so good proficiency in his studies, that at the close of his 17th year, he entered the Junior Class at Yale College, where he graduated in July, 1861. From various autographic letters from his classmates,—such as it is usual to exchange on a Commencement day,—as well as one from President Woolsey, now in his father's possession, we find he preserved the same qualities there as here, and at once became one of the favorites of his Class. He seems to have been mainly successful as a writer. One of his productions, "From the Cradle to the Coffin," printed at the time in a College Magazine, attracted much attention, and which, it is not too much to say, gave great promise of the future. Lieut. Pratt did not aspire to become famous for analyzing Greek verbs or triangles, but rather to be master of that art of infinitely greater importance than any mere book knowledge,—how to win and keep a man's heart. It is not too much to say, that up to his death, he had not an enemy in the world. He was thoroughly conversant with the literature of our mother tongue, and could wield a singularly graceful and correct pen. Some of his letters, written in pencil, on scraps of paper, soiled with the dust and smoke of battle, are models of unstudied and unconscious pathos and beauty.

Immediately after completing his College course, he commenced the study of Law in his father's office. In the succeeding October, when, for the first time, the magnitude of the undertaking before us became apparent, and that a gigantic effort must be put forth, with a disregard of personal considerations rarely seen in one so young, he proceeded alone to Indianapolis, and enlisted as a private for three years, in the United States Regulars. For four months he cheerfully did his duty in the ranks,—doubly hard by reason of his previous habits of indulgence and luxury,—his happy disposition continually turning into mirth what, to others, seemed hardships and privations. His correspondence nowhere contains so many pleasant passages, as at this period. The facts in his case coming soon after to the attention of President Lincoln, he promptly sent into the Senate his nomination for a Lieutenancy in the Regulars, which was speedily follow-

Digitized by Google

ed by a Commission. The Spring, Summer and Fall of 1862, were spent in the Eastern States, recruiting, where, at Syracuse and Auburn, N. Y., and at Boston, Mass., he made a multitude of friends. Recruiting, however, was never an acceptable service to him, and in the Spring of 1863, he joyfully hailed the summons to join his Regiment in the field. During that campaign he was in actual command of his Company, in the 5th Army Corps, under Gen. Meade, his Captain being absent. His merits soon raised him to the Adjutancy, and that, too, in a branch of the service where promotions come slowly, and only on the best evidence of merit.

"From this time, he was continually in the field. Our readers will readily recall many of his graphic descriptions of battles and campaign life, published in the papers of this city during that season. Of his own share in these various engagements, but little is known, either from his letters or conversations, for he rarely spoke of himself, and never wrote home, except when in actual service. When he was silent, it was a sure sign that he was in camp. His friends who were with him, however, bear united testimony to his coolness and unflinching courage, and that he never was so thoroughly himself as when under fire, or in danger.

"He was with Hooker in the action at Chancellorsville, with Meade in the Pennsylvania campaign, and in the thickest of the fight at Gettysburg, where he was twice struck; at the affair at Mine Run, which he describes as the most perilous of all his experience; and lastly, in the eight day battles in the Wilderness—falling, finally, almost at the gates of Richmond.

"Ever since the commencement of the present campaign, he seems to have had a presentiment, that his days were numbered, yet none the less anxious to do his whole duty; never once regretting the course he had taken, or desisting from his settled purpose, of seeing an end of the war, or of falling in the harness. He had his wish granted—that, if fall he must, it should be in the face of the enemy, and by instant death. It would be consoling to his friends to know more of the particulars of his last days, and especially to procure his remains, but even this the stern necessities of war forbid for the present. And so we leave him. No life is wasted, however short it may be, that teaches such lessons for the living as those that gently whisper from his early grave. Stricken down in the morning of early manhood, with all its bright expectations before him, and few of its actual experiences to teach him how deceitful they are; with a record without a stain, and hundreds of loving hearts to treasure it up; safe forever

Digitized by Google

from liability to sin and error, which is the mysterious condition of the grant of life; and above all, and the best of all, blest with the proud honor of dying for his country,—what else can we add than exclaim, how fortunate he was! how tender we ought to be of his memory! how grateful for the rich legacies of heroism and self-sacrifice that he has bequeathed us!"

The following is a tribute, from a letter of one of his companions in arms, to our Classmate, M'Clintock.

"He died a soldier's death, and was buried in his blanket, with a simple board to mark his resting place. As I stood by his grave, I could but think of the few friends I have in the army. Pratt and I were companions when children at school, and since, we have been companions on the long and tedious march, and on the battle-field. I always found him a gentleman on duty, and a soldier in the hour of danger and trial. He has fought his fight, and occupies an honored grave, the grave of a soldier."

Charles Robinson, (Plymouth, Conn.,) was born at Bankok, Siam, Oct. 19th, 1836. Since graduation he has spent most of his time in Brooklyn, L. I., engaged in the study of Medicine. On the 15th of Feb., 1864, he was induced to try his fortune in South Carolina, doing what he could in raising cotton, and improving the condition of the "Black South Carolina Chivalry." He intends, eventually, to practice Medicine.

Alexander Porter Root, (Galveston, Texas,) was born June 21st, 1840, at Galveston, Texas. After graduation he remained, for some time, in the loyal States, but finally returned home, and was last heard of as Lieutenant of a battery under Gen. Magruder, in Texas.

Francis Ritter Schmucker, (Reading, Pa.,) was born near Reading, Pa., May 24th, 1838, and entered the Class at the beginning of Junior year. On his return from College he commenced reading Law with Charles Davis, Esq., an old and experienced practitioner of his native town. In the Summer of 1862, when the call was issued for nine months' troops, he was mustered into service as 1st Lieut., Co. A, 128th Regt. Pa. Vols. Before the Regiment left Harrisburg, he was admitted to the Bar, at Reading, Aug. 16th, 1862. He accompanied his Regiment to Washington, and in five weeks from the date of muster, took part in the battle of Antietam. On the 8th of Feb.,

Digitized by Google

1863, he was promoted to be Captain, and in May following, participated in the battle of Chancellorsville, where his Regiment was connected with the 1st Brig., 1st Div., 12th Army Corps., and lost heavily in wounded and prisoners. His term of service soon after expired. In Lee's second raid into Pennsylvania, (1863,) he again volunteered as Captain of Comp. C, 42d Regt. Pa. Militia, but shortly afterwards accepted the appointment of Adjutant, as a more pleasant position. At the end of two months, the Corps was mustered out of service, and he settled down to the practice of Law in Reading, where he expects to remain.

SYLVESTER FRANKLIN SCHOONMAKER, (Albany, N. Y.,) was born in Albany, Nov. 5th, 1836. After graduation he studied Theology at the Union Seminary, in New York, and was licensed to preach, and ordained in Jersey City, Aug. 3d, 1862. Soon after, he was appointed Chaplain of the 34th N. Y. Vols., and remained with them until the expiration of their term of service, in May, 1863. Since that time, no information of him has been received by the Secretary.

LORENZO SEARS, (Williamsburg, Mass.,) was born in Williamsburg, Mass., April 18th, 1838, and joined the Class the first term Sophomore year. During the past three years, he has been studying at the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York City, and graduated there, June 30th, 1864, and was ordained, July 3d. In Oct. last, he entered upon his duties in the Episcopal Parish at Mystic, Conn.

SEXTUS SHEARER, JR., (St. Louis, Mo.,) was born, Oct. 14th, 1838, in Buffalo, N. Y. In 1843, his family removed to St. Louis, Mo. In Dec., following graduation, he took ship at New York, and arrived at San Francisco, Cal., in March, 1862, having sailed fifteen thousand six hundred and thirteen miles. For two years past he has been in a Law Office in that City, "steadily familiarizing himself with the fact, that it is not expedient for him to be a Lawyer." He expresses the hope, in which we all agree, that his present address will be good for nothing, after March, 1865, when he expects to be floating around Cape Horn again, and to disembark in one of the older States. He then proposes to engage in teaching. He has recently been teaching at Sonoma, Cal.

Digitized by Google

WINTHROP DUDLEY SHELDON, (New Haven, Ct.,) was born in Raymond, N. H., Dec. 18th, 1839. The first year following graduation was occupied in teaching, a short time at Williamsburg, Mass., and during the remainder, at Elizabeth, N. J. In the Summer of 1862 he determined to enter the army, and after recruiting a while, finally volunteered as a private in the 27th Conn. Vols., a nine months' Regiment, which left New Haven, Oct. 22d, 1862. After five weeks in the defenses of Washington, the Regiment marched to the front, and on the 10th of December, became a part of the Third Brigade, First Division, (General W. S. Hancock's,) Second Army Corps. Three days later he participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, in the assault on Marye's Heights, back of the City. The Regiment lost one third of its number engaged. Dec. 24th, 1862, he was appointed 1st Sergt. He also took part in the battle of Chancellorsville, and in its progress, on the 3d of May, 1863, while out on picket, was taken prisoner, with over two hundred of his Regiment, the main body of the army having retired, and the enemy coming down in front and rear in overwhelming numbers. From Chancellorsville, he marched to Richmond, and after two weeks in durance vile, was paroled and marched to the U. S. transport at City point, via Petersburg. During the first week of captivity he received, as rations, from the rebel authorities, three pints of flour, six medium sized crackers, and three ounces of bacon. He was commissioned 2d Lieut., May 13th, 1863, and at the expiration of his term of service, was mustered out, with the Regiment, July 27th. The past year, he has been and is still teaching Greek at the Collegiate and Commercial Institute, in New Haven, and is also studying in Yale Divinity School.

JOSEPH LUCIEN SHIPLEY, (Londonderry, N. H.,) was born at Londonderry, N. H., March 31st, 1836. After graduation, he spent two years in Colchester, Ct., as Principal of Bacon Academy, and since then has been Assistant Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. He expects to work hard in the Editorial profession. He was married, Aug. 21st, 1863, to Miss Anna S. Knight, youngest daughter of Bailey and Alice L. Knight, of Atkinson, N. H. His wife died Aug. 23d, 1863. He was married again at Malden, Mass., Oct. 4th, 1864, to Maggie H., daughter of Capt. Hiram Weeks, of Colchester, Ct.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, (Windsor, Ct.,) was born in Windsor, Ct., April 29th, 1841. For the last three years, he has resided in California, having doubled Cape Horn with Shearer, in the Autumn of 1861.

Digitized by Google

He tells us he has been occupied as a traveler, a *vaquero*, which, being interpreted, means a chaser of wild cattle, a P. O. clerk in Sacramento, and is now a Bank clerk in Folsom City. We are informed that he was appointed to deliver a poem at that place, on the 4th of July last. As for honors and degrees, he says, "I have had the honor of wearing the worst hats, and the forlornest aspects of any Yale man extant, and have had a considerable degree of impecuniosity conferred upon me. I expect to marry a California widow in about forty years, and shall name the only boy, Sixty-One Sill, after my nearest relatives." In regard to Class Meeting, he writes, under date of June 13th, "I do hope there will be a good lot of them there. Bless their beloved faces! I wish it were possible for me to be present. But there's many a one of us has to sing now, with not quite so jolly a face as we used to under the trees, that refrain of Frank's, 'Quod sanari non potest,' &c. Give my love to them all."

William Edward Sims, (Sligo, Miss.,) was born May 15th, 1842, in Sligo, Miss. After graduation he returned home, and very soon enlisted in the 21st Mississippi, which has been connected with Longstreet's Corps of the Confederate army. He has participated in most of the operations of Lee's army of Northern Virginia, and is now Sergeant Major of his Regiment. He is said to have been wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864. At last accounts he was serving with General Early, in the Shenandoah Valley.

Fielder Cross Slingluff, (Baltimore, Md.,) was born June 16th, 1842, in Baltimore, Md., and entered College at the beginning of Junior year. After graduation, he studied Law in Baltimore, Md., until Aug. 8th, 1862, and then joined the rebel army, as a private in the 1st Maryland Cavalry. He served in this capacity until July, 1863, when he was appointed 2d Lieut., and now holds the rank of 1st Lieut. On the 8th of Aug. last, the camp of the rebel Generals, Bradley Johnson and M'Cousland, under whom he served, was surprised by Gen. Averill, and he was taken prisoner, and has since resided at Camp Chase, O.

Charles Thompson Stanton, Jr., (Stonington, Ct.,) was born in Stonington, Ct., Nov. 30th, 1839. After graduation he remained at home a year, and in the Summer of 1862, recruited a Company, of which he was commissioned Captain, Aug. 3d, and became connected with the 21st Conn. Vols. He was present at the first battle of Fredericksburg, Dec.. 13th, 1862, and in the following Spring, took part in

Digitized by Google

the defense of Suffolk, when that place was besieged by Longstreet, with thirty thousand men. His Regiment was, for a time, stationed in North Carolina, and in an affair with the enemy at Little Washington, he acquitted himself with great credit. On the 16th of May, 1864, while engaged in a hotly contested battle, about two miles from Fort Darling, and in sight of the rebel Capital, he received a Minnie ball through his right elbow, fracturing the joint and producing a severe wound. Let me quote from a letter written by one of our Classmates in the Artillery service;—"Let me, before I close, pay a tribute to the bravery of our Classmate, Stanton. His Lieut. Colonel told me, that he fought like a tiger, and could not be persuaded to go to the rear, although severely wounded." The following is an extract from a letter written by a member of the 21st Conn. "Capts. Stanton and Shepherd, both of whom were in charge of the skirmishers at the time of the attack, displayed great courage and bravery. Capt. Stanton, by every effort, endeavored to resist the enemy in their attack upon the skirmishers, and bravely contended with them, contesting their advance, until wounded in the arm, when he was forcibly led from the field." He was promoted to be Lieut. Col., with rank from June 8th, 1864. He was honorably discharged, Sept. 14th, 1864, "on account of physical disability, from wounds received in action."

Gilbert Miles Stocking, (Waterbury, Ct.,) was born in Waterbury, Ct., Dec. 22d, 1838. After graduation he engaged in teaching, first, at Lyme, Ct., then, successively at Greenwich, Ct., Miller's Place, L. I., and at the Grammar School in New Haven, Ct., his duties there terminating in Dec., 1863. On the 31st of that month, he volunteered as a private in the 20th Conn. Vols., and in January following, joined the Regiment in the Department of the Cumberland, the corps at that time being engaged in guarding the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. About the first of May, 1864, with his Regiment, he joined the 20th Army Corps, and entered upon Sherman's campaign against Johnston's army, and participated in the brilliant operations of Gen. Hooker's command.

Heber Samuel Thompson, (Pottsville, Pa.,) was born in Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 14th, 1840, and entered the Class the second term, Freshman year. Though he was not with us during the last term of the course, being at the time in the army, he obtained a furlough, passed his examination, and received his degree with the Class. April 17th, 1861, four days after the fall of Sumpter, he enlisted as a private in

Digitized by Google

the 25th Regt. Pa. Infantry, three months men, and was one of the very first to arrive for the defense of Washington. At the organization of the 7th Pa. Cavalry, he entered that Regiment as 1st Lieut., Sept. 16th, 1861, and accompanied his Corps to Kentucky, there to form a part of what was then called the Army of the Ohio, under the command of Gen. Buell. In May, 1863, he was promoted to be Captain. He has participated in the battles of Chaplain Hills and Perryville, Ky.; Stone River and Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Chicamauga, Ga., and more than a hundred small fights and skirmishes. For some time past, he has been on duty as Acting Assistant Inspector, at the Headquarters 1st Brig., 2d Cav. Div., Army of the Cumberland. We understand he is engaged to be married, and is only detained from the happy consummation by a "military necessity." He was captured while on one of Sherman's grand Cavalry raids of the past Summer, and is still in the hands of the rebels.

George Makepeace Towle, (Washington, D. C.,) was born in Washington, D. C., Aug. 27th, 1840. After graduation he entered Cambridge Law School, continuing there up to April, 1st, 1863, when he sailed for Europe, and was abroad on a tour of Great Britain and the Continent, until Dec. following. In July, 1863, he received the degree of LL. B., at the Law School, and in Dec., 1862, was admitted to the Bar. On his return from Europe, he resumed his studies in Boston, where, in Feb., 1864, he entered upon the practice of his profession, at No. 11 Court street. He has contributed articles, from time to time, to the principal periodicals of the day; the Atlantic Monthly, the New Englander, North American Review, &c.

John Dresser Tucker, (Hartford, Ct.,) was born in Scotland, Ct., Dec. 19th, 1838, and became a member of the Class the second term Sophomore year. After graduation he opened a select school in his native town, and taught there twelve weeks. In May, 1862, he became connected, as classical teacher, with a private school in Ellington, Ct., remaining there a little more than a year, and then commenced the study of Law in Hartford, where he now is.

John Curtis Tyler, (Brattleboro', Vt.,) was born Feb. 18th, 1839, in Brattleboro', Vt. In the Fall of 1861 he was commissioned Major of the 4th Vt. Vols., serving in the Army of the Potomac. In the Spring of 1862 he resigned, and for a time acted as Volunteer Aid on

Digitized by Google

the staff of Gen. W. F. Smith. He subsequently studied Law, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar, in Boston, in the Spring of 1864, but soon after received the appointment of Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Major.

JOHN REUBEN WEBSTER, (Norridgewock, Me.,) was born Oct. 18th, 1838, at Norridgewock, Me., and entered, from Dartmouth College, the second term Freshman year. In the Fall of 1861 he returned home, and engaged in the study of Law. In the Summer of 1862 he enlisted as a private in Co. A, 19th Me. Vols., and after serving in the ranks eight months, in which time he participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, he was detailed in the Quartermaster's department at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, where he served until appointed by the President, Capt. and Asst. Quartermaster, in June, 1864.

JAMES HARVEY WHITE, (Green Mount, Pa.,) was born in Adams Co., Pa., March 8th, 1838, and became a member of the Class about the beginning of Junior year. The first year after graduation he resided at home, studying Law and farming. In the Summer of 1862 he entered the army as Adjutant of the 165th Pa. Vols., a nine months Cavalry Regiment, and took part in the "Siege of Suffolk," and the fight of the Deserted House, and the conflicts at Carrsville and the South Anna River, all of which took place in the first six months of 1863. At the expiration of his term of service, he continued the study of Law, and has practiced since April, 1864, in Gettysburg, Pa.

RALPH OLMSTED WILLIAMS, (New York City,) was born in Palmyra, N. Y., May 12th, 1838. Since graduation he has been teaching, the first and second years at Great Barrington, Mass., and during the year past, at Catonsville, Baltimore Co., Md. While temporarily in Wilmington, Del., in July, 1864, when the rebel raid into Maryland took place, he volunteered for thirty days in the 7th Del. He is now studying at Columbia College Law School, New York.

GEORGE WORMAN, (Mendon, Ill.,) was born Nov. 24th, 1832, in Mendon, Ill., and entered from Knox College the second term Freshman year. After graduation, he taught school a while at Columbus, Ill., and in 1863 was reported as at home in Mendon. In the absence of an answer to the Circular, I am unable to give any further information in regard to him.

Digitized by Google

THEODORE STEPHEN WYNKOOP, (Wilmington, Del.,) was born in Wilmington, Del., Nov. 22d, 1839. After graduation he entered Princeton Theological Seminary, and finished his course there, April 26th, 1864. On the 20th of the same month he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New York, and was ordained and installed Oct. 13th, 1864, over the Second Presbyterian Church in Huntington, L. I. In the Summer of 1862 he spent a few months traveling in Europe. After the battle of Fredericksburg, he was several weeks in the Hospital at Point Lookout, Md., as a Delegate of the Christian Commission.

Digitized by Google

BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD

OF

NON-GRADUATE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

WILLIAM ADAMS, (New York City,) was born Jan. 31st, 1840, and left the Class in Nov. 1858. After spending some time in Europe, he went into business in New York, as a member of the firm of Bonnell and Adams, 173 Front street.

HEMAN POTTER BABCOCK, (Buffalo, N. Y.,) was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 28th, 1840, and left the Class in Nov. 1859. Until April 1862, he resided in Buffalo, studying Medicine, and received the degree of M. D., from the Medical Department of the University of Buffalo, Feb. 22d, 1863. He was commissioned Assistant Surgeon U. S. N., Sept. 24th, 1862, and is at present stationed upon the U. S. steamer Agawam. He has served on the Michigan, at the Washington Navy Yard, and on board of the Frigate Wabash, South Atlantic Squadron. He was present with the Naval Detachment during the operations on Morris Island, in the Summer of 1863, and also with the Naval Battery during the Siege of Sumpter by Gen. Gillmore. He was married, Nov. 26th, 1863, to Sally H., youngest daughter of Commodore Harwood, at the Washington Navy Yard.

JOHN WAIT BARTON, (Danbury, Ct.,) was born in Danbury, Ct., June 2d, 1839. At the beginning of second term Senior year he was obliged to leave the Class on account of ill health, and for nearly a year following was at South East, Putnam Co,, N. Y., under the Doctor's care. The next six months he labored as an Evangelist and Home Missionary, in Fairfield County, Ct., under the auspices of the Conn. Home Evangelization Committee, receiving a temporary license to preach. Afterwards, until the Autumn of 1862, he was engaged as

Digitized by Google

a Sunday School Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, laboring in Massachusetts. He then studied for two terms in the Yale Theological Seminary, and in April 1863 accepted a call from the Sunday School Union to become State Superintendent of Missions in Pennsylvania. He was married in South East, Putnam Co., N. Y., July 24th, 1861, to Miss Aurelia Richards, daughter of D. Belden Richards, Esq. She died Sept. 4th, of the same year. March 3d, 1864, he was married to Miss Nettie L., daughter of Rev. Edward B. Emerson, of Stratford, Conn. He is now located in Reading, Pa.

Xyris Turner Bates, (New Lebanon Springs, N. Y.,) left the Class the second term Freshman year, and afterwards completed the course with 1862. After graduation he taught in C. W. Everest's School, near New Haven, and has also been studying Medicine.

Henry Lee Beach, (Milford, Ct.,) was born June 11th, 1839, and left the Class at the close of Freshman year, and after residing awhile at home, and then at the West, went into business in Bristol, Ct.

Isaac Bowe, (Agawam, Mass.,) was born Oct. 4th, 1838, and left the Class the second term Freshman year, and afterwards entered '62, with whom he graduated. He is believed to be now in the army, in some Massachusetts regiment.

Joshua Twing Brooks, (Salem, O.,) was born in Salem, Ohio, Oct. 27th, 1840, and left the Class the last term Freshman year. Subsequently he entered the Class of '63, but soon returned home and went into business, and is now President of the Farmer's Bank of Salem.

Andrew Sheridan Burt, (Cincinnati, O.,) was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, November 23d, 1839. He left the Class at the beginning of Sophomore year, and was engaged in Banking, until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he volunteered as a private in the Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was afterwards made Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Regulars, and is now a Captain in that regiment, in the 14th Army Corps. At the battle of Mill Spring, Ky., Jan. 1862, he served as Capt. and Additional Aid-de-Camp on the Staff of Col. Robert McCook. At this battle he was wounded, and received honorable mention for gallantry, as also in the official reports of many subsequent engagements. For a time he served on the Staff of Gen. Rosecrans, and has taken part in the battles of Hoover's Gap,

Digitized by Google

Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and in Sherman's brilliant campaign of the present year. He was married at Cincinnati, Sept 13th, 1862, to Miss Lizzie J. Reynolds, and has a son, Andrew Gano Burt, born July 8th, 1863. [Address, Andrew S. Burt, Capt. 18th Regular Infantry, care of A. G. Burt & Co., Cincinnati, O.] He writes, "I consider myself a '61 man, and shall ever take a lively interest in all that pertains to the Class."

WALTER TRACY CHESTER, (Buffalo, N. Y.,) was born at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 31st, 1841. He left the Class in July 1859, and resided at home until Aug. 1862, studying and editing. Since then he has been in the Army, entering the 94th N. Y. as a private, Aug. 6th, 1862, and has been successively promoted to be Corporal, Sergeant, 2d Lieut., Jan. 6th, 1863, and Captain, March 30th, 1864. Of late he has been detached on the Staff of Gen. Crawford, as Engineer and Surveyor. He has participated in the various movements of the Army of the Potomac since his connection with the service, and has been wounded three times in the head.

WALTER DOUGLAS COMEGYS, (Dover, Del.,) entered the Class at the beginning of Sophomore year, having been previously in the Class of '60. He left '61 at the expiration of the year, and subsequently studied Law, and is now settled at Cincinnati, O. He married a daughter of Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee.

BYRON KILBOURNE COWLES, (Milwaukee, Wis.,) left the Class second term Freshman year, and has since graduated at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. He received the appointment of Class Poet.

PHILEMON ROCKWELL DAY, (West Avon, Ct.,) left the Class during Freshman year.

EDWIN DORRANCE DEWEY, (Columbia, Ct.,) left the Class during Freshman year.

THEODORE DWIGHT DIMON, (Brooklyn, L. I.,) was born in Brooklyn, L. I., March 24th, 1841, and left the Class about June 1st, 1859. He then studied at the Law School in New Haven, Ct., until May, 1861, and in Riverhead, L. I., to June, 1862. In May, 1862, he was admitted to the Bar at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and has since been practicing at Patchogue, L. I. In the Fall of 1862, he was Union candid-

Digitized by Google

ate for the New York Assembly, in the Second District of Suffolk County. November 26th, 1861, he was married at Shelter Island, N. Y., to Miss H. S. Cartwright. They have a son, John Dimon, born in 1862.

CALVIN EDGERTON, (Rutland, Vt.,) was born December 8th, 1837, and left the Class early in Sophomore year. He afterwards studied Law, and is now practicing in California.

EDWARD FIELD, (Princeton, N. J.,) entered Yale from Princeton College, at the beginning of Sophomore year, and remained with the Class two terms. He afterwards returned to Princeton, and graduated there in 1861, and has since been an officer in a New Jersey regiment.

HARRISON BELKNAP FREEMAN, (Hartford, Ct.,) was born Sept. 5th, 1838, at Hartford, Ct., and left the Class the last term Sophomore year. He afterwards entered the Class of '62, with whom he graduated. He then studied Law a year in an office at home, and after a brief term at the Cambridge Law School, was admitted to the Hartford County Bar in March, 1864. He is now associated with Mr. Goodman in the practice of Law in that city. He was married June 1st, 1864, to Miss Frances Hall Bill, daughter of Erastus Bill, Esq., of Hartford. Address; Care of Goodman & Freeman, Hartford, Ct.

SAMUEL CLARK GLENNEY, Jr., (Milford, Ct.,) was born in Milford, Ct., Nov. 3rd, 1839. He entered the Class from '60 and remained with us until Dec., 1859. The next year he spent teaching in Milford, and at the beginning of the war enlisted in the 4th Regt. C. V., afterwards changed to the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery. With them he was present at the Siege of Yorktown and during the seven days conflicts before Richmond, where he contracted a fever and was carried to the U. S. Hospital in Philadelphia. Here he died Sept. 15th, 1862.

WILMOT HINKS GOODALE, (Goodale's Corner, Me.,) was born Sept. 19th, 1839. He left the Class the third term Sophomore year, and subsequently engaged in teaching in Stamford, Ct. For some time past he has been instructing Freedmen in Louisiana, and cultivating cotton, from which it is said he will realize a handsome property.

GEORGE BRETT GOODALL, (Bangor, Me.,) was born March 25th, 1833, and left the Class early in Junior year, and has since been engaged in teaching in Brooklyn and New York City.

Digitized by Google

JAMES REEVE GOULD, (New York City,) was born March 14th, 1841, in the City of New York, and left Yale in Oct., 1858. He then joined the Class of '61 at Harvard, with whom he received his degree. In April, 1861, he entered the army as 1st Lieut. in a New York organization, but was soon detached as personal Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Viele, being commissioned in the 46th N. Y., and served in that capacity through Sherman's Port Royal expedition and the campaign on the Savannah, ending with the capture of Fort Pulaski. He was now transferred to the Staff of Gen. Benham, and served with him through the James Island disaster, after which he reported at Norfolk, Va., and was appointed additional Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Captain, July, 14th, 1862. He has been Provost Marshall of Portsmouth, Va.; Asst. Provost Marshall of Norfolk; Acting Asst. Adjt. Gen., and for a year past Commissary of Musters, and from March 17th, 1864, Chief Mustering and Disbursing Officer of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. At his own request, Gen. Butler suspended the order, and in June last he was awaiting further orders at Norfolk.

RICHARD HENRY GREENE, (New York City,) was born July 12th, 1839, in New York City, and finished his connection with '61 at the end of Freshman year. He afterwards entered the Class of '62, with whom he graduated. In the Summer of that year he recruited a Company, of which he was mustered in as Captain. The command was finally consolidated with another organization. At the time of the rebel invasion of 1863, he went down with the 7th Regt. N. Y. N. G. to Baltimore and Frederick, and in June, 1864, was appointed Paymaster of the 69th N. Y., a three months regiment. In Oct., 1863, he entered Columbia Law School.

Address; No. 33 East 23rd St., New York City.

WILLIAM HENRY GUNNISON, (Baltimore, Md.,) entered College at the beginning of Sophomore year and remained until its close. He was at one time clerk in the Post Office Department, Washington.

ALBERT NEWTON HATHAWAY, (Windsor, Ct.,) left the Class before the close of Freshman year and entered Cambridge Law School. Since graduation there he has been practicing in Hartford, Ct. In 1860 he married Emma Robbins, of Newington, Ct.

SAMUEL WHITTEMORE HITCHCOCK, (New Haven, Ct.,) was born July 30th, 1837, and left the Class in March, 1859, and has since

Digitized by Google

resided principally in New Haven and in Boston. In May, 1864, he sailed for Europe.

HENRY HOLT, (Baltimore, Md.,) was born in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 3rd, 1840. After spending two years of the College course with '61, he entered '62 and graduated with them. The remainder of the year 1862 was occupied in traveling at the West, and in January following he became a member of Columbia Law School, graduating with the degree of LL. B in May, 1864. In January of the present year he became a partner with Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Frank Moore in the publication of the REBELLION RECORD and some other works, and proposes to continue in the publishing business. He was married, June 11th, 1863, to Miss Mary Florence West, in New York. A daughter, Claude Florence, was born June 23rd, 1864, but died in August following.

Address; 441 Broadway, New York.

RICHARD HOOLIHAN, (Honesdale, Pa.,) left College in the early part of Junior year, and settled down in Honesdale. In 1861 he was connected a short time with Yale Theological Seminary. He is married.

BURR GRISWOLD HOSMER, (Meadville, Pa.,) was born Sept. 2nd, 1841, at Meadville, Pa. In Dec., 1858, he left College, and for two years thereafter resided in Brooklyn, N. Y. He then went to Europe, and until Nov., 1862, occupied himself in Germany, Switzerland, France and England, in search of relief for that malady of the eyes which had forced him to quit study. He now returned to Berlin and has since remained there, with the exception of short intervals. In Oct., 1863, he was matriculated at the University of Berlin, and has been attending lectures on Metaphysics exclusively.

Address; Care of Messrs. Baring, Brothers, & Co., Bankers, London.

JOEL WILBUR HYDE, (Greenwich, Ct.,) was born March 20th, 1835. He left the Class at the close of Freshman year to enter upon the study of Medicine at the Yale Medical School, where he graduated in 1861. He immediately settled in Greenwich, Ct., and soon attained a respectable practice. In the Spring of the present year, after recruiting very successfully, he went to Washington and was passed as 2nd Lieut. by "Casey's Board," and assigned to the 29th Conn. Vols., a colored regiment, stationed for a while at Beaufort, S. C., and now in

Digitized by Google

the army before Richmond. In July, 1864, he was appointed Acting Asst. Adjt. Gen. and Judge Advocate, on Gen. R. Saxton's Staff. He was married, Dec. 25th, 1861, to Mary, daughter of John Richardson, Esq., of New Haven, Ct.

HORATIO JENKINS, Jr., (Chelsea, Mass.,) left the Class in March, 1858. Since Aug, 1862, he has been in the army as Captain in the 40th Mass., and was wounded in May, 1864, while serving under Butler at Bermuda Hundred. His name appears in a list of six hundred officers placed under fire at Charleston, S. C., by the rebels, in September of the present year.

EDWIN LANE JONES, (Mobile, Ala.,) left the Class in Sept., 1858, and returned to his home in the South.

CHARLES NICHOLS JUDSON, (Bridgeport, Ct.,) was born in Bridgeport, Ct. He was with the Class the first term Freshman year, and afterwards re-entered College in the Class of '62, with whom he graduated. He has been studying at the Columbia Law School, where he graduated, and is now practicing in New York City.

Address; No. 40 Walker Street, New York.

WALTER JUDSON, (Bristol, Ct.,) was born May 1st, 1839, in Bristol, Ct., and left the Class at the end of first term Freshman year. After teaching a while at Bridgeport, Ct., he entered the Class of '63, remaining with them until the second term Sophomore year. He then taught at Terryville, Ct., and subsequently in Junior year became a member of the Class of '64, with whom he graduated. He expects to follow teaching for the present, and is now located at Eaglewood Military School, N. J.

WALTER DORSEY LYON, (Tallahassee, Fla.,) was born in Baltimore, Aug. 11th, 1839. He remained with '61 the first two years of the course and afterwards entered '62, but left the Class the second term Junior year. Since then he has resided for the most part in New York and Baltimore.

Address; Care of Holbrook, Nelson & Co., New York City.

GEORGE EDMUND MCLAUGHLIN, (Philadelphia, Pa.,) left the Class early in Freshman year. He was subsequently a short time in the Class of '62, and in 1863 was connected with a Gas Coal Company in Philadelphia. He is now in business in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Digitized by Google

EDWARD BENJAMIN MALTBY, (Tauton, Mass.,) left College at the close of first term Freshman year, and after residing at home a while, went into business in New York City.

JOHN EDWARD MARSH, (Rahway, N. J.,) was born in Rahway, N. J., Aug. 17th, 1840, and left College in Aug., 1858, since which time he has resided mainly in Europe, spending a year at Freiburg studying the language and attending lectures at the University. He then became a student of Philosophy at the Royal University in Munich, and remained there until the Summer of 1861, when he became connected with the College of France, in Paris. Since Dec., 1863, he has been traveling, and recently returned home, but expects soon to leave for Europe again for the purpose of continuing his studies.

Address; Care of Ralph Marsh, Esq., Rahway, N. J.

HENRY SMITH MERCHANT, (Nassau, N. Y.,) left the Class in the early part of Senior year, and went to Minnesota for the benefit of his health. He returned to College in 1862 and entered the Class of '63, with whom he graduated. He is believed to be studying Law at the Albany Law School.

FRANK EMERY MILLER, (Wallingford, Ct.,) left the Class the last term Freshman year, and studied Theology at Auburn, N. Y., and is now preaching at the West. He was married Aug. 1st, 1861.

HORATIO WOODHULL MILLS, (Smithtown, L. I.,) left the Class in June, 1858, and, after residing at home for some time, entered Colum bia Law School, where he graduated the present year.

OCTAVUS SAMUEL NEWELL, (New Haven, Ct.,) left the Class in Sophomore year. He is said to have been subsequently engaged in the Commission Business in Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS WEBB OSBORN, (New York City,) left the Class in March, 1858, but afterwards re-entered College in the Class of '62 and graduated with them. He then enlisted in a New York regiment with the rank of Lieutenant.

JACOB RUTSEN PALEN, (Saugerties, N. Y.,) was born April 10th, 1839, at Falls Burgh, Sullivan Co., N. Y. He left the Class in Feb., 1858, and has since resided at Saugerties, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Digitized by Google

WILLIAM WESLEY PALMER, (Binghamton, N. Y.,) was born in Chenango, Broome Co., N. Y., Jan. 4th, 1836. He joined '61 the third term Freshman year, and continued with us until the end of Sophomore. The next year he spent in study at home, and then went to Auburn Theological Seminary, graduating there in May, 1863. Since that time he has been pursuing his studies at home, and will remain there a year or two longer. He was licensed by Presbytery to preach, Sept. 23rd, 1862. Dec. 19th, 1859, he was married to Miss Mary E. Tyler, of Buffalo, N. Y., who died Oct. 29th, 1861. He was married again, May 9th, 1863, to Miss Emily L. Rexford, of Cortland, N. Y., and has a "splendid boy," William Henry, born Feb. 7th, 1864. Address; Binghamton, N. Y.

FRANK ALLYN PERKINS, (New London, Ct.,) left the Class the third term Freshman year.

HENRY MCLURE POST, (St. Louis, Mo.,) was born in St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 27th, 1840. His connection with the Class terminated at the end of Sophomore year. After leaving Yale, he spent the first year at home under the care of an occulist, and then entered the Class of '61 at Illinois College and graduated with them. Since then, with an interval of about three months spent as an army correspondent at Island No. 10 and in Arkansas, he has been engaged in the study and practice of Law, to which he was admitted in the Summer of 1862. He received the degree of M. A. in due course at Illinois College.

Address; St. Louis, Mo.

JAMES RIDDLE, (Philadelphia, Pa.,) left the Class in the Winter term of Freshman year, and sometime afterwards committed suicide in Philadelphia.

OLIVER AYER ROBERTS, (Haverhill, Mass.,) remained with the Class during Freshman year only, and afterwards studied a while at Antioch College, Ohio. In 1862 he enlisted in the 50th Mass., with the rank of Sergeant Major.

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE SCRANTON, (Scranton, Pa.,) was born in Madison, Ct., July 26th, 1838. He left the Class before the close of the second term Freshman year, and has since been in business in Scranton, Pa., where he is now U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue for the 12th District. He was married, June 23d, 1863, to Ada E., daughter of Gen. A. N. Meylert, of Scranton. Address; Scranton, Pa.

Digitized by Google

WILLIAM MERCER SHOEMAKER, (Wyoming Valley, Pa.,) left the Class the second term Freshman year.

ROBERT ROSE SILL, (Geneva, N. Y.,) was born in Geneva, N. Y., in 1840, entered the Class in Jan., 1858, and left it in the Spring of 1859. In November of the same year he started for Springfield, Mo., intending to accompany some friends to Texas, but arriving too late to join them, he attached himself to an emigrant train, continuing with them as far as Fort Gibson, in the Indian Country. After recruiting here a while, he prosecuted his journey alone through five hundred miles of sparsely settled country, and reached the village of Waco on the River Brazos, "ragged and penniless, but full of confidence and courage." Here he remained during the Winter, purposing to engage in stock raising, but neglecting the precaution imposed by the climate, though of uncommon hardihood of constitution, he died of typhoid fever in July, 1860. "He was a young man of sensitive mind, of noble impulses, and of truthful and honorable character, and died trusting in his Savior."

THOMAS SKELDING, (Stamford, Ct.,) was born in New York City, Nov. 28th, 1838, and left the Class at the end of second term Sophomore year, but was afterwards a short time in '62. He has since been occupied in studying Medicine at Stamford, Ct., with the exception of some time in the army. He enlisted as a private in the 5th N. Y. V., and was afterwards promoted to a Captaincy in the 10th N. Y. Address; Stamford, Ct.

HORATIO WOODBURN SOUTHWORTH, (New Haven, Ct.,) was born in Springfield, Mass., Jan. 15th, 1839, and left the Class in Feb., 1858. He went to Philadelphia, Pa., remaining there until Dec., 1860, engaged in business. Since then he has resided in West Springfield, Mass. He was married, Oct. 22d, 1862, in Washington, to Miss F. C. Allen. Address, Mittineaque, Mass.

EDWARD FLETCHER SPALDING, (St. Louis, Mo.,) left the Class in April, 1858, and began the study of Law at St. Louis, where he was admitted to the Bar in due time, and has been practicing for several years.

SAMUEL BACON SPEAR, (Brooklyn, L. I.,) was born in Lansingburg, N. Y., Oct. 26th, 1841. He entered College with the Class, at the age of sixteen, and left us at the beginning of Senior year, to travel

Digitized by Google

with his father in Europe. On his return, he studied Law in Niles, Michigan, and in the Winter of 1861–62 attended Law Lectures at the University of that State. He was admitted to the Bar in the Spring of 1862, by the Supreme Court of Michigan, and became associated with Henry H. Coolidge, in a Law partnership, in the city of Niles, in which relation he continued until his death, Oct. 20th, 1863. He died after an illness of twelve hours, of congestion of the brain, produced by excessive mental exertion. "He was a young man of great promise, and had he lived, would have distinguished himself in his profession. He was a member of the Christian Church, and left behind him pleasing evidence that he was not unprepared to die."

EDWARD COLLINS STONE, (Columbus, O.,) left the Class the first term of the course, and afterwards entered '62, graduating with them. He then became a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Columbus, O., and at present is engaged in a similar capacity at the Asylum in Hartford, Ct.

WILLIAM JAMES TEMPLE, (Albany, N. Y.,) was born in Albany, N. Y., March 29th, 1842. He left the Class in November, 1858, and soon after entered Harvard, but did not graduate. In August, 1861, he was commissioned Captain in the 17th U. S. Regulars, and immediately entered upon recruiting service for his regiment, in Maine, Rhode Island and New York. In August, 1862, he joined the First Battalion, connected with Sykes' Division of Regulars, 5th Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, then at Harrison's Landing, James River. He participated in the battles of second Manassas and Antietam, and was spoken of as "one of the most popular as well as finest officers in his Brigade." After a short absence, on account of sickness, he rejoined his regiment at Falmouth, Va., in January, 1863, and entered upon the Spring Campaign at Chancellorsville, where he was killed, May 1st, during a reconnoissance made by Sykes' Division. The Albany Atlas and Argus thus speaks of him, in its issue of May 6th, 1863:—"Captain Temple was a young man of remarkably fine qualities, and with an intellect matured beyond his years. He possessed a brave heart and the truest personal courage, combined with gentle and polished manners, and wherever he was known, was universally a favorite. In appearance he was strikingly handsome, with an expression of sternness or severity upon his brow, which seemed like the stamp of matured experience upon the fresh front of youth. His loss will be most sadly felt by near and dear

Digitized by Google

friends, whose hopes and affections were thickly clustered around him. His young life is laid another sacrifice upon the altar of our bleeding country :—

> "In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
> More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
> For having perished in the front of war."

He was buried in Albany, May 25th, 1863, attended by Governor Seymour and Staff, and a large number of army officers.

LEVI PENFIELD TREADWELL, (New Fairfield, Ct.,) was born Sept. 2d, 1836, in New Fairfield, Ct. He left '61, at the close of Freshman year, and reëntered College in the Class of '62, with whom he graduated. Since then he has resided in his native town, farming, and during the Winter season teaching school.

Address, New Fairfield, Ct.

ROBERT GALBRAITH WOODS, (Salem, O.,) left the Class at the close of Sophomore year, and afterwards joined '62, with whom he graduated. He has since been studying Law at home, and is admitted to the Bar.

AMOS WORMAN, (Mendon, Ill.,) was born in Mendon, December 2d, 1834, and entered the Class the second term Freshman year, remaining with us until near the close of Sophomore year. He afterwards spent two years in the Class of '63, and graduated with them.

Digitized by Google

SUMMARY.

STATISTICS OF GRADUATES.

PLACE OF BIRTH.

New York—J. B. Andrews, Chalmers, J. G. Clark, Collier, Cook, DeForest, Durfee, Eddy, Eggleston, Fitzhugh, Flint, Frisbee, Frost, Fuller, Hanford, Hill, W. M. Johnson, W. F. Jones, Kernochan, Kinney, McKinney, McLane, Marshall, Moore, Ogden, Payson, Schoonmaker, Shearer, Williams.—29.

Connecticut.—S. E. Baldwin, Bradley, Brown, Bulkley, Faxon, Hyde, Ives, H. N. Johnson, F. R. Jones, Kitchel, Merwin, Otis, Webster Park, Peck, Perkins, Sill, Stanton, Stocking, Tucker.—19.

Massachusetts.—Arnold, Bent, Bonney, W. B. Clark, Dexter, Haradon, Hemenway, Lyon, Merrill, Morse, W. E. Park, Pelton, Sears.—13.

Pennsylvania.—Bannan, Childs, Delp, Harmar, Higbee, M'Clintock, Pearse, Schmucker, Thompson, White.—10.

Ohio.—E. Andrews, Beecher, Chamberlain, Convers, Lyman.—5.

New Hampshire.—Davenport, Sheldon, Shipley.—3.

Maryland.—C. W. Baldwin, Mitchell, Slingluff.—3.

Illinois.—T. Baldwin, Worman.—2.

Kentucky.—Brent, Eaves.—2.

Mississippi.—Davis, Sims.—2.

Delaware.—Higgins, Wynkoop.—2.

Rhode Island.—Newell.—1.

Indiana.—Pratt.—1.

Vermont.—Tyler.—1.

Maine.—Webster.—1.

Texas.—Root.—1.

District of Columbia.—Towle.—1.

Siam.—Robinson.—1.

TIME OF BIRTH.

1831.—H. N. Johnson.—1.

1832.—Delp, Worman.—2.

1833.—Pelton.—1.

1835.—J. G. Clark, Collier.—2

1836.—Fuller, Hill, Merrill, Merwin, Robinson, Schoonmaker, Shipley.—7.

Digitized by Google

1837.—E. Andrews, T. Baldwin, Chalmers, Haradon, Lyon, Ogden, Webster Park, W. E. Park.—8.

1838.—Chamberlain, W. B. Clark, Eaves, Flint, McKinney, Peck, Schmucker, Sears, Shearer, Stocking, Tucker, Webster, White, Williams.—14.

1839.—Bannan, Bonney, Bradley, Childs, Davis, DeForest, Eddy, Egleston, Hemenway, Higbee, W. M. Johnson, F. R. Jones, Kinney, Kitchel, Lyman, M'Clintock, McLane, Marshall, Moore, Newel, Perkins, Sheldon, Stanton, Tyler, Wynkoop.—25.

1840.—Arnold, C. W. Baldwin, S. E. Baldwin, Brown, Bulkley, Convers, Davenport, Durfee, Fitzhugh, Frisbee, Frost, Hanford, Higgins, Hyde, Ives, Kernochan, Morse, Otis, Payson, Root, Thompson, Towle.—22.

1841.—Beecher, Bent, Faxon, Harmar, W. F. Jones, Pratt, Sill.—7.

1842.—J. B. Andrews, Brent, Cook, Dexter, Mitchell, Pearse, Sims, Slingluff.—8.

Average age at graduation, 22 years and 2 months. The oldest, thirty; the youngest, nearly nineteen.

TIME OF ENTERING THE CLASS.

At the beginning of the Course.—E. Andrews, J. B. Andrews, Arnold, S. E. Baldwin, T. Baldwin, Beecher, Bent, Bonney, Bradley, Brown, Bulkley, Chamberlain, Childs, J. G. Clark, W. B. Clark, Collier, Convers, Cook, Davenport, Davis, Delp, Dexter, Eddy, Faxon, Fitzhugh, Flint, Frisbee, Frost, Fuller, Hanford, Harmar, Hemenway, Hill, Hyde, Ives, W. M. Johnson, F. R. Jones, W. F. Jones, Kernochan, Kinney, Kitchel, Lyon, M'Clintock, McKinney, McLane, Marshall, Merwin, Mitchell, Moore, Newel, Otis, Webster Park, Payson, Pearse, Peck, Pelton, Perkins, Robinson, Root, Shearer, Sheldon, Shipley, Sill, Sims, Stanton, Stocking, Towle, Tyler, Williams, Wynkoop.—70.

During Freshman year.—Bannan, Merrill, Thompson, Webster, Worman.—5.

During Sophomore year.—Brent, Chalmers, DeForest, Durfee, Higbee, Higgins, Sears, Tucker.—8.

During Junior year.—C. W. Baldwin, Eaves, Egleston, Haradon, H. N. Johnson, Lyman, Morse, W. E. Park, Pratt, Schmucker, Schoonmaker, Slingluff, White.—13.

During Senior year.—Ogden.—1.

PROFESSIONS AND OCCUPATIONS.

Theology.—C. W. Baldwin, Beecher, Eddy, Frisbee, H. N. Johnson, Merwin, Moore, Ogden, W. E. Park, Payson, Pelton, Schoonmaker, Sears, Sheldon, Wynkoop.—15.

Law.—J. B. Andrews, Arnold, S. E. Baldwin, Bent, Bonney, Chalmers, Convers, Delp, Durfee, Eaves, Frost, Fuller, Haradon, Harmar, Hemenway, Higgins, Hill, W. F. Jones, Kernochan, Lyman, Mitchell, Newel, Webster Park, Schmucker, Shearer, Towle, Tucker, Tyler, White, Williams.—30.

Medicine.—Hyde, McLane, Merrill, Robinson.—4.

Teaching.—Arnold, C. W. Baldwin, J. G. Clark, Davenport, Delp, Dexter, Haradon, H. N. Johnson, Otis, Peck, Sheldon, Shipley, Stocking, Tucker, Williams, Worman.—16.

Digitized by Google

STATISTICS.

MERCANTILE PURSUITS.—E. Andrews, Bradley, Brown, Bulkley, Egleston, Hanford, Higbee, M'Clintock.—8.

MANUFACTURING.—Childs, W. M. Johnson, F. R. Jones, Morse.—4.

CHEMISTRY.—Collier, Cook, Pearse.—3.

BANKING.—Perkins, Sill.—2.

INTERNAL REVENUE OFFICERS.—T. Baldwin, Frost.—2.

R. R. ENGINEERING,—Chamberlain, Kitchel.—2.

EDITOR.—Shipley.—1.

U. S. COAST SURVEY.—Lyman.—1.

U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

T. Baldwin—In U. S. Quartermaster's Office, New York, Aug. 1861 to Nov. 1862.

Bannan—Corporal, Anderson Penn. Cavalry, 1861 to March, 1863, and private in Penn. Militia during rebel invasion of 1862.

Bonney—Private in the 10th R. I. for three months during the Summer of 1862.

Bulkley—Med. Cadet, Sanitary Com., McClellan's Peninsular campaign, 1862.

Chamberlain—Private in the 84th O. V. I. during four months, Summer of 1862.

W. B. Clark—Private and Sergeant in the 34th Mass., from July, 1862, to January 20th, 1864; Captain from this date in the 22d U. S. Col'd Troops.

Cook—Captain in the 9th U. S. Col'd Troops, from Nov. 18th, 1863, to ——

Davenport—Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Naval School, Dec., 1861 to Oct., 1863, and from this date Assistant Professor.

DeForest—Quartermaster Sergeant, 18th Wis. Vols., from Nov. 23, 1861, to May, 1863, then 1st Sergeant; and from Sept. 17th, 1863, 1st Lieut., Acting Adjutant; and now on the Staff of his Division General.

Delp.—Private, Penn. Militia, in the rebel invasion of 1862.

Egleston—1st Lieut. 43d N. Y. V., from July to December, 1861.

Faxon—2d Lieut. 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, from March 1st, 1862, to Aug. 27th, 1863, and from this date 1st Lieut.; and now Ordnance Officer of Siege Artillery, under Gen. Butler.

Fitzhugh—Commissioned 1st Lieut., 1st N. Y. Light Artillery, in Autumn of 1861; Captain, Nov. 24th, 1862; Major, Sept. 17th, 1863.

Flint—Private, Sergeant, Sergeant Major, 130th N. Y. V. (now 1st N. Y. Dragoons,) from Summer of 1862 to March 1st, 1863, and at this date commissioned 2d Lieut.

Haradon—Acting Masters Mate, U. S. N., February, 1862, to June, 1863.

Higbee—Acting Asst. Paymaster in the Navy, from Jan., 1862, to April, 1864.

Higgins—Private, 7th Del. during rebel raid into Maryland, 1864.

Hyde—Med. Cadet, Sanitary Com., Peninsular campaign, 1862; Act. Asst. Surgeon in Army Hospitals, Washington, Fall of 1862 to July, 1863; Act. Asst. Surgeon of Vol. Navy, from July 14th to Oct., 1863; and from this date Asst. Surgeon in the Regular Navy.

Ives—Adjutant 5th Conn. Vols., June to Sept., 1861; Captain to April, 1862; Assistant Adjutant General, Brig. Gen. Ferry's Staff, to June 10th, 1863; Lieut. Col. 5th C. V., resigned in Aug., 1863; Major 1st Conn. Cavalry, Feb., 1864; Lieut. Col., June, 1864.

W. F. Jones—Lieut. in the 61st N. Y. Regt., Fall of 1861 to Summer of 1862.

Digitized by Google

Kinney—Private and 1st Sergt., 13th Conn. Vols., Dec., 1861 to Sept. 1, 1862; then 2d Lieut. to Jan. 1st, 1864, and at this date commissioned 1st. Lieut.; Act. Signal Officer, Department of Louisiana, from May, 1864, to ——

Lyon—Private, 11th Conn. Vols., Sept. 29th, 1861, to Jan., 1862; 2d Lieut. and on the Signal Corps, to March 3d, 1863, and at this date commissioned 1st Lieut., on the Signal Corps of the Regular Army.

M'Clintock—Private, in Penn. Militia, during rebel invasion of 1862.

McKinney—2d Lieut., 6th N. Y. Cavalry, Oct. 15th, 1861; 1st Lieut. Oct., 1862; Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, May 18th, 1864.

McLane—Act. Asst. Surgeon, McClellan's Peninsular campaign, 1862.

Marshall—2d Lieut., 11th N. Y. V., Sept., 1861; Aid-de-Camp on Gen. Barry's Staff, during Peninsular campaign; 1st Lieut., 2d N. Y. Artillery, in the Autumn of 1862; Captain and Asst. Adjutant Gen. of Vols. and Adj't Gen. of Artillery Bureau, Washington, March, 1863; Adj't Gen. of Artillery Headquarters, Military Division of the Mississippi, Sherman's Army, April 28th, 1864.

Merrill—Act. Asst. Surgeon, Autumn of 1862; Asst. Surgeon, Jan. 21st, 1863; Surgeon, 22d U. S. Col'd Troops, Dec. 23d, 1863.

Payson—Chaplain, 146th N. Y., April, 1864 to ——

Pratt—Private, 11th U. S. Regulars, Oct., 1861, to Feb., 1862; 2d Lieut., 1st Lieut. and Adj't, to May 29th, 1864.

Schmucker—Commissioned in August, 1862, 1st Lieut. Co. A, 128th Penn. Vols. (nine months men); Captain, Feb. 8th, 1863, to June, 1863; Captain and Adj't, 42d Penn. Militia, during rebel invasion of 1863.

Schoonmaker—Chaplain, 34th N. Y., from 1862 to June, 1863.

Sheldon—Private, 27th Conn. Vols., (nine months men), from Aug., 1862, to Jan., 1863; 1st Sergt., to May 13th, 1863; 2d Lieut., to July 27th, 1863.

Stanton—Captain, 21st Conn. Vols., Aug. 3d, 1862; Lieut. Col., June 8th, 1864.

Stocking—Private, 20th Conn. Vols., Dec., 1863, to ——

Thompson—Private, 25th Penn. Vols. (three months men), from April 17th, 1861, to Aug., 1861; 1st Lieut., 7th Penn. Cavalry, Sept. 16th, 1861; Capt., May, 1863; Act. Asst. Inspector, 1st Brigade, 2d Cavalry Division, Army of the Cumberland, 1864.

Tyler—Major, 4th Vt., Sept., 1861, to April, 1862; Aid-de-Camp, Staff of W. F. Smith; Major and A. A. G., 1864.

Webster—Private, 19th Maine Vols., Aug., 1862, to March, 1863; Clerk in Quartermaster's Department, to June, 1864; and then Captain and Asst. Quartermaster.

White—Adjutant, 165th Penn. Vols. (nine month Cavalry), from August, 1862, to July, 1863.

Williams—Private, 7th Del. Vols., during rebel raid into Maryland, 1864.—39.

DEGREES.

Master of Arts.—Yale, July 28th, 1864, E. Andrews, J. B. Andrews, Arnold, C. W. Baldwin, S. E. Baldwin, Bent, Bradley, J. G. Clark, Chalmers, Chamberlain, Collier, Convers, Davenport, Delp, Dexter, Durfee, Eaves, Egleston, Hanford, Haradon, Harmar, Hemenway, Higbee, H. N. Johnson, Mitchell, Moore, Newel, Otis, Peck, Sheldon, Stanton, White, Wynkoop.—33.

Digitized by Google

STATISTICS.

BACHELOR OF LAWS.—COLUMBIA, 1863, J. B. Andrews, Fuller, Kernochan.—HARVARD, 1863, Towle; 1864, Newel.—ALBANY, 1863, Durfee.—6.

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.—YALE, 1863, Merrill.—N. Y. COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, 1864, McLane.—2.

DOCTOR OF LAWS (Utriusque Juris).—UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG, Germany, Aug., 1864, Eaves.—1.

MARRIAGES.

E. Andrews,	Ella A. Blanchard,	New Haven, Ct.	Dec. 25, 1862.
T. Baldwin,	Mrs. Julia A. Cooley,	Fair Haven, Ct.	Sept. 22, 1862.
Bradley,	Louisa T. Cannon,	New Haven, Ct.	July 25, 1861.
Childs,	Nanny McD. Price,	Hillsboro, O.	Oct. 6, 1864.
J. G. Clark,	Fannie A. Goodsell,	New Haven, Ct.	Aug. 23, 1864.
W. B. Clark,	Eliza T. Smith,	Granby, Mass.	Aug. 7, 1862.
Eddy,	Jennie Scott,	Waterford, N. Y.	May 4, 1864.
Egleston,	Ella L. Bates,	Cincinnati, O.	Jan. 8, 1863.
Frost,	——— Wells,	Peekskill, N. Y.	July 20, 1864.
Merwin,	Mattie L. Parsons,	Milford, Ct.	Nov. 1, 1864.
Moore,	Mary M. Young,	Upper Aquebogue, L. I.	June 22, 1864.
Webster Park,	Ellen J. Rathbun,	Groton, Ct.	Nov. 26, 1863.
Pelton,	Sarah C. Brownson,	New Haven, Ct.	April 27, 1864.
Shipley,	Anna S. Knight,*	Atkinson, N. H.	Aug. 21, 1863.
Shipley,	Maggie H. Weeks.	Malden, Mass.	Oct. 4, 1864.

BIRTHS.

Henry Le Grand Bradley, July 16, 1862, New Haven, Ct.
Mabel Wilded Baldwin, Aug. 22d, 1863, Orange, N. J.
Louisa Egleston, Nov. 17, 1863, Chicago, Ill.
Stephen Munson Bradley, March 10, 1864, New Haven, Ct.
A son to E. Andrews, April 4, 1864, Chicago, Ill.

DEATHS.

Davis, on or about April 15th, 1863, at Iuka, Miss., or, according to another statement, at Chattanooga, Tenn., in his 23d year.
Bannan, Nov. 20th, 1863, at Pottsville, Pa., aged 24 years.
Pratt, killed in battle at Hanovertown, Va., May 29th, 1864, in his 23d year.
Son of E. Andrews, June, 1864.
Wife of J. L. Shipley, Aug. 23d, 1863.

---

* See Deaths.

Digitized by Google

STATISTICS OF NON-GRADUATES.

TIME OF ENTERING THE CLASS.

At the beginning of the Course.—Adams, Babcock, Barton, Bates, Beach, Bowe, Brooks, Burt, Chester, Cowles, Day, Dewey, Dimon, Edgerton, Freeman, Glenney, Goodale, Goodall, Gould, Greene, Hathaway, Hitchcock, Holt, Hoolihan, Hosmer, Hyde, Jenkins, Jones, Walter Judson, Lyon, McLaughlin, Maltby, Marsh, Merchant, Miller, Mills, Newell, Osborn, Palen, Perkins, Post, Riddle, Roberts, Scranton, Shoemaker, Skelding, Spalding, Southworth, Spear, Stone, Temple, Treadwell, Woods.—53.

During Freshman year.—C. N. Judson, Palmer, R. R. Sill, A. Worman.—4.

During Sophomore year.—Comegys, Field, Gunnison.—3.

TIME OF LEAVING THE CLASS.

During Freshman year.—Adams, Bates, Beach, Bowe, Brooks, Cowles, Day, Dewey, Greene, Hathaway, J. W. Hyde, Jenkins, C. N. Judson, Walter Judson, McLaughlin, Maltby, Marsh, Miller, Mills, Osborn, Palen, F. A. Perkins, Riddle, Roberts, Scranton, Shoemaker, Southworth, Spalding, Stone, Treadwell.—30.

During Sophomore year.—Burt, Chester, Comegys, Dimon, Edgerton, Field, Freeman, Glenney, Goodale, Gould, Gunnison, Hitchcock, Holt, Hosmer, E. L. Jones, W. D. Lyon, O. S. Newell, Palmer, Post, R. R. Sill, Skelding, Temple, Woods, A. Worman.—24.

During Junior year.—Babcock, Goodall, Hoolihan.—3.

During Senior year.—Barton, Merchant, Spear.—3.

GRADUATED AT YALE.

In 1862.—Bates, Bowe, Freeman, Greene, Holt, C. N. Judson, Osborn, Stone, Treadwell, Woods.—10.

In 1863.—Merchant, A. Worman.—2.

In 1864.—Walter Judson.—1.

GRADUATED ELSEWHERE.

Cowles—Hobart College, 1861.

Field—Princeton College, 1861.

Gould—Harvard College, 1861.

Post—Illinois College, 1861.—4.

DECEASED.

Glenney, Sept. 15th, 1862.—Riddle, 1860.—R. R. Sill, July, 1860.—Spear, Oct. 20th, 1863.—Temple, killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 1st, 1863.—5.

Digitized by Google

STATISTICS.

U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

Babcock—Asst. Surgeon in the Navy since Sept. 24th, 1862.
Bowe—In a Mass. Regiment.
Burt—Captain in 18th Regulars; Aid-de-Camp, with rank of Captain.
Chester—Private, Sergt, 2d Lieut., January 6th, 1863; Captain, March 30th, 1864, and on Gen. Crawford's Staff.
Field—Lieut. in a N. J. Regiment.
Glenney—Corporal, 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, from June. 1861, to Sept., 1862.
Gould—1st Lieut. 46th N. Y., April, 1861; Aid on Staff of Gen. Viele; Gen. Benham's Staff, May, 1862; July 14th, 1862, Add'l Aid-de-Camp, with rank of Captain; Provost Marshal; Act. Asst. Adj't Gen.; March 17th, 1864, Chief Mustering and Disbursing Officer, Department of Va. and N. C., to June, 1864.
Greene—Private, 7th N. Y. N. G., rebel invasion, 1863.
Hyde—2d Lieut., 29th C. V., May, 1864; A. A. A. General, Gen. Saxton's Staff, and Judge Advocate, July, 1864
Jenkins—Captain, 40th Mass., Aug. 1862.
Osborn—Officer in a N. Y. Regiment.
Roberts—Sergt. Major, 50th Mass., 1862.
Skelding—Private, 5th N. Y. V.; Captain, 10th N. Y.
Temple—Captain, 17th Regulars, from Aug., 1861, to May, 1863.—14.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Whole number in the Class at the beginning of Freshman year—123.
Whole number of graduates—97.
Whole number of non-graduates—60.
Whole number connected with the Class during the College course—157.

Digitized by Google

PRESENT ADDRESSES

OF

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS.

Where the address is unknown, the residence at graduation is given in a parenthesis. If two are given, the last is the surest.

E. Andrews, Box 3346, Chicago, Ill.
J. B. Andrews, No. 170 Broadway, New York.
Arnold, Westfield, Mass.
C. W. Baldwin, Millersville, Md.
S. E. Baldwin, New Haven, Ct.
T. Baldwin, No. 923 Broadway, New York.
Beecher, Zanesville, O.
Bent, Cambridge, Mass., or New Ipswich, N. H.
Bonney, New York.
Bradley, New Haven, Ct.
Brent, (Paris, Ky.)
Brown, care of H. D. Ormsbee & Co., No. 32 Platt St., New York.
Bulkley, care of S. B. Sherwood, Esq., San Francisco, Cal.
Chalmers, No. 25 West 17th St., New York.
Chamberlain, Cleveland, O.
Childs, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. G. Clark, West Chester, Pa.
W. B. Clark, Capt. Co. K, 22d U. S. Col'd Troops, Washington, D. C.
Collier, New Haven, Ct.
Convers, No. 7 Pine St., or Box 2995 New York.
Cook, Capt. 9th U. S. Col'd Troops, Washington, D. C., or No. 92 West 10th Street, New York.
Davenport, U. S. Naval Academy, Newport, R. I.
DeForest, 1st Lieut. 18th Regt. Wis. Vols., 3d Div. 15th Army Corps.
Delp, Norristown, Pa.
Dexter, New Haven, Ct.
Durfee, Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.
Eaves, Sacramento, Ky.
Eddy, Cornwall, Orange Co., N. Y.
Egleston, No. 37 Wall St., New York.
Faxon, 1st Lieut. First Reg. Conn. Art., Washington, D. C.
Fitzhugh, Major, 1st N. Y. Art., Art. Brig. 5th Army Corps, Washington, D. C., or Oswego, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

ADDRESSES.

Frisbee, (Kinderhook, N. Y.)
Frost, Peekskill, N. Y.
Fuller, No. 7 Pine St., New York.
Hanford, No. 14 West 39th St., New York.
Haradon, Fishersville, Ct.
Harmar, No. 708 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hemenway, No. 5 Court Square, Boston, Mass.
Higbee, Trenton, N. J.
Higgins, Wilmington, Del.
Hill, New York.
Hyde, Asst. Surgeon U. S. N., Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.
Ives, Lieut. Col. 1st Conn. Cav., Washington, D. C.
H. N. Johnson, New Haven, Ct.
W. M. Johnson, care of Johnson & Lazarus, 110 Front St., New York.
F. R. Jones, New York City Flour Mills, corner Broome and Lewis Sts.
W. F. Jones, No. 25 Pine St., New York.
Kernochan, No. 24 West 12th St., New York.
Kinney, 1st Lieut. and Act. Signal Officer, U. S. A., Dept. of the Gulf, New Orleans, La.
Kitchel, care of H. S. Goodwin, Chief Engineer, Harrisburg, Pa.
Lyman, (Cleveland, O.)
Lyon, East Brookfield, Mass.
M'Clintock, Pittsburg, Pa.
McKinney, Binghamton, N. Y.
McLane, N. Y. Hospital, 319 Broadway.
Marshall, Capt., Gen. Sherman's Headquarters, Nashville, Tenn., to be forwarded.
Merrill, Surgeon, 22d Reg. U. S. Col'd Troops, Washington, D. C.
Merwin, Milford, Ct.
Mitchell, care of Mitchell, Oliver & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Moore, care of G. W. Moore & Knapp, 329 Broadway, New York.
Morse, Box 2340, New Haven, Ct.
Newel, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Ogden, New Haven, Ct.
Otis, New Haven, Ct.
Webster Park, No. 10 Breed Hall, Norwich, Ct.
W. E. Park, Andover, Mass.
Payson, Chaplain, 146 N. Y. Vols., Washington, D. C.
Pearse, No. 1439 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Peck, New Haven, Ct.
Pelton, Franklin, Mass.
Perkins, care Geo. P. Bissell & Co., Hartford, Ct.
Robinson, Box 1017, New York.
Root, (Galveston, Texas.)
Schmucker, Reading, Pa.
Schoonmaker, (Albany, N. Y.)
Sears, Mystic Bridge, Ct.
Shearer, Jr., San Francisco, Cal.
Sheldon, New Haven, Ct.

Digitized by Google

Shipley, Republican Office, Springfield, Mass.
Sill, Folsom, Cal.
Sims, (Sligo, Miss.)
Slingluff, care Jesse Slingluff, Esq., Baltimore, Md.
Stanton, Stonington, Ct.
Stocking, Co. B, 20th Conn. Vols.
Thompson, Headquarters 1st Brig. Second Cav. Div., Army of the Cumberland, via Nashville, Tenn.
Towle, No. 11 Court St., Boston, Mass.
Tucker, Box 407, Hartford, Ct.
Tyler, (Brattleboro', Vt.)
Webster, (Norridgewock, Me.)
White, Gettysburg, Pa.
Williams, 7 Pine St., New York.
Worman, (Mendon, Ill.)
Wynkoop, Huntington, L. I.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google